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### LITERATURE.

*Madame; a Life of Henrietta, Daughter of Charles I. and Duchess of Orleans.* By Julia Cartwright. (Seeley.)

It has been reserved for Miss Cartwright to supply a rather marked want in English historical literature. Henrietta of Orleans, the most attractive and influential woman of her time at the Court of Louis XIV., has received less attention from writers in the country of her birth than might have been expected. Hitherto we have had only sketches of her too brief career, though Mrs. Everett Green, in her *Lives of English Princesses*, did more than any other student of the Stuart period to prove the importance and interest of the subject. No doubt she would have done much better if that portion of Charles II.'s correspondence which is preserved in the archives of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs had been among her materials. As Miss Cartwright points out, some fragments of these letters of the English monarch to his sister were included by Sir John Dalrymple in his *Memoirs*, and by Mignet in his *Négociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne*. Nevertheless, they remained virtually unknown until about ten years ago, when most of them, translated into French, were printed by M. de Baillon in his *Henriette d'Angleterre*. Miss Cartwright, thanks to Lord Dufferin, more recently obtained leave to copy all the originals at the archives, and, provided further with several documents from the collection of State Papers in the Record Office on French affairs, has given us quite an elaborate account of the duchess and her immediate surroundings.

The story of Henrietta's youth reads like a chapter of romance. The youngest daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, she was born at Exeter in 1644, at the height of the great Civil War. It is probable that she did not see enough of her unhappy father to remember him. Her mother finding it necessary to take refuge in France, the child was confided to the care of Lady Dalkeith, afterwards Countess of Morton. The victorious Parliamentarians wished to place her with her brother and sister, the Duke of Gloucester and Princess Elizabeth, at St. James's Palace; but her custodian, unable to believe in their good intentions, resolved to put her beyond their reach. The intrepid lady

"disguised herself in a shabby cloak and gown, placed a hump of old rags on one shoulder to conceal her graceful figure, and, dressing the little princess in a ragged suit of boy's clothes, walked to Dover with the child on her back. None of the household at Oat-

lands were in the secret, excepting two servants named Lambert and Dyke, and a French valet, who passed as Lady Dalkeith's husband. The only risk of detection lay in the angry exclamations of the little princess herself, who resented the shabby dress she wore as much as the name of Pierre, which had been given her for the time, and told everyone they met on the road that she was not Pierre but the princess, and that these rags were not her real clothes. Fortunately her baby language did not arouse suspicion; and Sir John Berkeley, who, following at some distance, kept his eye on the travellers all the way, saw them safely on board the French boat for Calais."

Henrietta Maria, then a pensioner at the Louvre of the French court, was overjoyed to recover possession of her child, who soon became necessary to her very existence, and whom she brought up as a Roman Catholic. Poverty was to be no stranger to that little household. The mother had parted with all her money and jewels in helping the royalist cause; and during the troubles of the Fronde her pension was unavoidably stopped. "Posterity," says the Cardinal de Retz, in his *Memoirs*, "will hardly believe that a Queen of England and a granddaughter of Henri Quatre were without firewood at the Louvre in the month of January."

In marked contrast to this temporary misery was the position to which Henrietta presently rose at court. Pretty, graceful, clever, accomplished, vivacious, warm-hearted, and endowed with her father's refined tastes in literature and art, she became a conspicuous figure there at a very early age. It is impossible to read the memoirs and correspondence of that period without feeling that she exercised a sort of fascination over those about her. But for a slight deformity, says Beaumelle, she would have been a masterpiece of nature. "As it was," he adds, "there was no one at court to be compared with her." Anne of Austria wished her to be the wife of the young Louis XIV., who, however, turned a deaf ear to the suggestion, and soon afterwards espoused Marie Thérèse. In the following year, 1661, Henrietta was united to his only brother, the Duc d'Orléans, otherwise Monsieur. It is not surprising to learn that her life with him was anything but happy. In the words of Saint-Simon, "he was a woman with all the faults of a woman, and none of her virtues—childish, feeble, idle, gossiping, curious, vain, suspicious, incapable of holding his tongue, and taking pleasure in spreading slander and making mischief." The echoes of the wedding bells had scarcely died away when scandal was busy with her name. Louis, at length sensible of her charms of mind and person, showed a distinct preference for her society, as she did for his:

"His natural ascendancy of character might well captivate the fancy of a maiden barely seventeen years old. Here was a prince, full of great schemes and noble ambitions, ready to share his dreams with her and to seek her sympathy. The friendship which sprang up between them had all the flavour of a romance. They wrote verses that were read and applauded by the whole court, and sent each other little notes, innocent enough in themselves, but which raised suspicions in other breasts. Significant looks were exchanged, and mysterious

whispers passed from one to another. Courtiers ventured to express their regret that Madame did not have a more exalted place at court, and to hint that, had the king known her better a year or two ago, he would have made her his queen. . . . On hot afternoons, Madame would drive out, attended by all the ladies of the court, to bathe in one of the clear streams which flow through the forest, and then ride back in the cool of the evening. The king himself, followed by his suite, would come to meet her and escort her home. . . . There were hunting expeditions in the woods, moonlight serenades prolonged far on into the night, and lonely rambles into the depths of the forest. . . . In all of these hunting parties or moonlight walks, the king was Madame's companion. She shared all his tastes, and entered into all his plans, with a spirit and a vivacity of which the poor, dull queen was utterly incapable. . . . They spent whole days together, and took long rambles in the woods, which lasted until two or three o'clock in the morning."

Naturally enough, all this gave rise to a good deal of uneasiness among the royal family, and Anne of Austria felt it necessary to have a voice in the matter.

"Madame was indignant with her mother-in-law, and complained of her unjust accusations to the king. Louis consoled her with assurances of his unalterable friendship. But they both felt the need of greater caution, if family peace was to be preserved; and for the first time Madame's eyes were opened to the dangers which threatened her youth and inexperience. Henceforth she took care to show the world that the king was no more to her than a brother-in-law for whom she had a sincere regard, and whose affection and good opinion she valued as they deserved."

At a later period, when the king had become the slave of Louise de la Vallière, Madame might have been found flirting with the Comte de Guiche, the most ardent and persevering of all her admirers. Burnet, perhaps remembering that she was a Roman Catholic, adopted the least charitable interpretation of her conduct; but there is no good reason to suppose that she was ever guilty of more than culpable thoughtlessness. La Fare, assumably not one of her friends, describes her as "vertueuse mais un peu coquette," which may be accepted as the fact. That she played a rather important part in current politics there can be no doubt. Probably to the annoyance of the English Ambassador in Paris, she became the chief means of communication between Louis XIV. and Charles II. Her royal brother-in-law had faith in her judgment, and intrusted her with state secrets of which it was not thought expedient that her narrow-minded husband should know anything. The object of her last visit to England, it will be remembered, was to induce Charles to join Louis in a league against the Dutch. In the same year, at the age of twenty-six, she was laid in her grave, Bossuet pronouncing over it the most superb of his funeral orations. Her too-early death, which occurred somewhat suddenly, is ascribed by Miss Cartwright to natural causes, though it is difficult, in view of all the evidence on the subject, to reject the suspicion that she was poisoned, not by the Duc d'Orléans, as was once supposed, but at the instigation of the Chevalier de Lorraine.

Charles's letters to his sister are about a hundred in number, and have been printed with all their eccentricities of spelling. Miss Cartwright must be congratulated upon her good fortune in having obtained access to them. Taken as a whole, they are eminently characteristic of the man. His indolence, his quickness of perception, his easy good-nature, his cynical humour, his laxity of morals, and, last but not least, his affection for his "dearest Minette," as he called Henrietta, whom he first saw during his visit to Paris in 1650—all this is brought before us in his correspondence with her. The depth of that affection is really beyond question. "Her influence over him," writes Colbert from the French Embassy in London, "was remarked by all; he wept when he parted with her, and whatever favour she asked of him was granted." From the first letter he is known to have sent her—this was before the Restoration—we take the following:

"I begin this letter in French by assuring you that I am very glad to be scolded by you. I withdraw what I said with great joy, since you scold me so pleasantly; but I will never take back the love I have for you; and you show me so much affection that the only quarrel we are ever likely to have will be as to which of us two loves the other best. In that respect I will never yield to you. . . . For the future, pray do not treat me with so much ceremony, or address me with so many Your Majesties, for between you and me there should be nothing but affection."

Nor did the Restoration make any difference in him respecting her:

"I hope you believe I love you as much as 'tis possible, I am sure I would venture all I have in the world to serve you, and have nothing so neare my harte, as how I may finde occasions to expresse that tender passion I have for my dearest Minette . . . The kindnesse I have for you will not permit me to loose this occasion to coniure you to continue your kindnesse to a brother who loves you more than he can expresse, which truth I hope you are so well persuaded of, as I may expect those returnes which I shall strive to deserve. Deare sister, be kinde to me, and be confident that I am intirely yours.—C. R. For my Deare Sister the Princesse Henriette."

Again:

"I have been in very much paine for your indisposition, not so much that I thought it dangerous, but for feare that you should miscarry. I hope now you are out of that feare too, and for God's sake, my dearest sister, have a care for yourselfe and believe that I am more concerned in your health than I am in my owne, which I hope you do me the justice to be confident of, since you know how much I love you. . . . I am very glad to finde that the King of France does still continue his confidence and kindnesse to you, which I am so sensible of that if I had no other reason to grounde my kindnesse to him but that, he may be most assured of my frindship so long as I live; and pray upon all occasions assure him of this."

In those days brothers and sisters were less reserved with each other than they are now. In 1665 the King learnt that she was *enceinte*:

"I hope you will have better lucke than the Duchesse (of York) heere had, who was brought to bed, Monday last, of a girl. One part I shall wish you to have, which is that you may have as easy a labour, for shee dispatched her

businesse in little more than an houer. I am afraid your shape is not so advantageously made for that convenience as hers is: however, a boy will recompense two grunts more, and so good night, for feare I fall into naturale philosophy before I thinke of it. I am entierly yours, C. R."

The "girl" here referred to was Princess Anne, afterwards queen. The king's annoyance at the clandestine marriage of Frances Stewart, whom he wished to make one of his mistresses, and for whom Henrietta put in a word, is not to be mistaken:

"If you consider how hard a thing 'tis to swallow an injury done by a person I had so much tenderness for, you will in some degree excuse the resentment I use towards her. You know my good nature enough to beleive that I could not be so severe if I had not great provocation, and I assure you her carriage towards me has been as bad as breach of frindship and faith can make it; therfore I hope you will pardon me if I cannot so soon forget an injury which went so neere my hart."

For the rest, the king's letters, while adding nothing of importance to our knowledge of the period they cover, are not without historical interest. Here is his account of the fall of Clarendon:

"The ill-conduct of my L<sup>d</sup> Clarendon in my affaires has forced me to permitt many inquires to be made which otherwise I w<sup>d</sup> not have suffered the parlament to have done, though I must tell you that in themselves they are but inconvenient appearances rather than real mischives. There can be nothing advanced in the Parl. for my advantage till this matter of my L<sup>d</sup> Clarendon be over, but after that I shall be able to take my mesures to them with, as you will see the good effects of it; I am sure I will not part with any of my power, nor do I beleive that they will desire any unreasonale thing."

Other letters show his anxiety for a good understanding with France, his efforts to detach Louis XIV. from the Dutch alliance, and his occasional regard for the honour and interests of his country. His personal and political profligacy can never be excused; but it may be freely admitted that the general effect of this correspondence with that well-beloved sister is to make us think a little better of him than before.

Miss Cartwright's style, if not always marked by strict grammatical accuracy, is clear and unaffected. Her admiration of Henrietta does not go to unreasonable lengths, and the picture she sets before us may be accepted as substantially true. With the literary history of the Golden Age, however, she has but a superficial acquaintance. In regard to Molière, for instance, she is frequently astray. Take this reference to his position in or about the year 1661:

"His *Précieuses* . . . had been applauded by the whole society of the Hôtel Rambouillet, whose extravagances were the object of the poet's satire. 'In fact,' wrote Ménage, after being present at one of these performances and describing its extraordinary success, 'we are doing what Clovis was told to do of old by St. Rémi—we burn what we have adored, and we adore what we have burned.' *Les Femmes Savantes* and *Sganarelle* met with a still larger share of popularity."

In these three sentences there are no fewer than four errors. The Rambouillet ladies, far from applauding the "Précieuses R<sup>d</sup>icules,"

looked upon it with ill-suppressed fury; Ménage's remark (made in a conversation with Chapelain after the first performance) was anticipatory of the effect of the piece: "We shall have to burn what we have adored, &c.;" and the "Femmes Savantes," which by implication is here held to be contemporary with "Sganarelle," did not appear until ten or eleven years later. Then, too, we are told that the "Misanthrope" was "not a success at the time," whereas it is known to have been played in its *nouveau* for the then considerable number of twenty-one nights. Miss Cartwright must also be reproached with a fault of omission. Long after 1667, when "Andromaque" came out, the playgoing world in Paris was divided into two camps as to the comparative merits of Corneille and Racine. While the controversy was at its height, Henrietta, struck by the analogy between her relations with Louis XIV. and the story of Titus and Berenice, persuaded the two dramatists to write a tragedy upon that story without each other's knowledge. The hero "sacrificed his feelings to a stern sense of duty," as the king had done in her case. What she may have deemed excellent sport was to be a source of bitter mortification to Corneille, the subject being one which he could not treat with so much command of pathos and tenderness as his brilliant young rival. It is certainly strange that in a well-nigh exhaustive biography of Henrietta, as Miss Cartwright's is, such an incident should have been recorded in less than a dozen lines.

FREDERICK HAWKINS.

*A Companion to Dante.* From the German of G. A. Scartazzini. By Arthur John Butler. (Macmillans.)

MR. BUTLER has done good service in bringing Dr. Scartazzini's latest work upon Dante within reach of English readers. The *Dante-Handbuch*, of which the present volume is a translation, was undertaken in response to repeated demands for a German version of the author's long-awaited *Prolegomeni della Divina Commedia*, published three years ago after a delay of more than ten years. Dr. Scartazzini, instead of merely translating the latter, availed himself of the opportunity thus offered of expounding his matter afresh by the light of further study, and of the numerous additions to Dantesque literature that had made their appearance since the publication of his Italian work. The *Handbuch*, therefore, may be regarded as something more than a new edition of the *Prolegomeni*; and as such it is entitled to independent notice, the former work having already been reviewed in these columns (ACADEMY, Jan. 3, 1891).

Those who are acquainted with the *Prolegomeni* will, as Mr. Butler observes in his preface, trace in the present volume a distinct advance in the direction of scepticism or "negative dogmatism." This sceptical tendency, which is characteristic of a certain class of continental scholars, marks the inevitable reaction against the uncritical and unscientific methods of the school of Dantists who flourished a genera-

tion or two ago. The best known representative of this school in England was probably the late Dean of Wells, whose two substantial volumes on Dante, the work of a man of undoubted scholarship and learning, are full of extravagant hypotheses and fantastic theories, based as often as not upon the airiest of assumptions. For a typical instance of what we mean, we need only refer the reader to the passage (vol. ii. p. 528), in which Dean Plumptre complacently pictures Dante worshipping in his own cathedral at Wells—the germ from which this bold conception sprang being neither more nor less than the casual mention by Dante of a clock in one part of the *Divina Commedia*, and of Wissant (the usual port of departure for passengers to England) in another. Like many other reactionaries, Dr. Scartazzini shows a decided inclination to rush into extremes. His present tendency, indeed, is manifestly towards the assumption of what we can only describe with Dr. Moore as an attitude of simple agnosticism in Dantesque matters. In dealing with the details of Dante's biography, for example, he is not content with a wholesome scepticism, but must needs go the length of treating as practically disproved everything that he considers unproved—a system of destructive criticism which, if universally applied, would result in the rejection of nine-tenths of the so-called facts of history.

As was to be expected, he expends a considerable amount of argument and ingenuity (which, we are bound to say, on one occasion at least comes perilously near being disingenuousness) on the much discussed questions as to the reality and identity of Beatrice. His latest pronouncement on the subject is an excellent illustration of the tendency referred to above. In the *Prolegomeni* he was satisfied with the conclusion that Dante's Beatrice was not Beatrice Portinari, but some Florentine maiden, who probably died unmarried, and whose name may or may not have been Beatrice—("non sembra potersi inferire con certezza che tale fosse veramente il nome di battesimo della fanciulla"). He now confidently asserts that Dante's Beatrice was not only not Beatrice Portinari, but that she was certainly not even called Beatrice at all! And as a proof "to every unprejudiced mind" that she died unmarried, he actually adduces the sentence, "ove nacque, vivette e morio la gentilissima donna," from the *Vita Nuova* (§ 41), which, he says, implies that she had never left her parent's house. A reference to the context shows that he has entirely misrepresented Dante's words. Well may Mr. Butler exclaim: "Will it be believed that the antecedent to *ove* is *la cittade*, and that the words quoted are merely Dante's way of indicating the city of Florence?"

Dr. Scartazzini is much more interesting and instructive when he is dealing with non-controversial matters; and we cannot help wishing that Mr. Butler had hardened his heart and cut out some of the argumentative portions of the book, which, though thoroughly characteristic of the writer, were hardly worth reproducing in English. However, it was perhaps unreasonable not to expect some tares

among the wheat; and after all, as Mr. Butler observes, conclusions are not of much importance in a work of this sort. The essential thing is that the reader should be presented with the facts in such a way as to enable him to form conclusions of his own. This Dr. Scartazzini may fairly claim to have done; and if he has given us a good deal with which we would willingly have dispensed, we cannot, on the other hand, complain that he has neglected to supply us liberally with what we did want.

The work is excellently planned and well arranged. It consists of a general "Introduction" (comprising a most useful chronological view of the history of the period) and five "Parts," which deal respectively with "Dante in his home," "Dante in exile," "Dante's spiritual life," "Dante's minor works," and lastly "the *Divina Commedia*." Under each of these heads a vast amount of information is given, which we may safely assert is not to be found in any other single work of the kind. We may add that, in the original German edition, there is a copious bibliographical appendix at the end of almost every chapter. In the present volume, which has been to a certain extent modified in order to suit the requirements of the general reader, the greater part of the bibliographical matter has been omitted—wisely, we think, as the majority of the books named would be interesting only to a specialist, who would naturally be provided with the original work. The English edition has an excellent index, and is further enriched with a preface by the translator. Mr. Butler here gives expression to the conviction, which is shared by every serious student of Dante, that the process of illustrating Dante from his own works—*spiegare Dante con Dante*, as the Italian commentators put it—has now been practically exhausted; and he suggests that, if the many remaining obscurities are to be cleared up, it is from the outside that the light must be brought to bear for the future. In order to be able to do this, the student must try to place himself as far as possible in the same mental atmosphere as that which Dante himself breathed: he must make himself familiar with the authors whom Dante studied, and with the society in which Dante moved. Something has already been achieved in this direction, but a great deal yet remains to be done.

It has often struck the present writer what an interesting object to a collector, who happened also to be a Dantist, or to a Dante society, would be the formation of a Dante Library, to consist, not of books about Dante, nor of editions of Dante—more or less complete collections of this kind have already been formed—but of the books read by Dante: such a collection as we may assume to have been included in one or other of the libraries, monastic, scholastic, or private (belonging to a powerful noble like Can Grande, for instance), to which Dante must have had access. We cannot picture him as the possessor of many books at any time during his troubled career—perhaps in the more prosperous days of his youth he may have owned an *Aeneis*, or a *De Amicitia*, or a *De Consolatione*,

"quello non conosciuto da molti libro di Boezio" (we can almost fancy a touch of the pride of ownership in this otherwise rather strange remark about a book, which, though it may have happened to be rare, was assuredly not little known—but free access to books he must have had at most times. Of course, an ideal library of the kind we are imagining would possess the various works, not only in early printed editions, but also in MS. form, in the shape in which they were familiar to Dante's hand and eye; some few indeed, such as the old French *Lancelot* (in its entirety),\* are as yet accessible only in this form. The acquisition of MSS. however, even if they were procurable, would probably involve a large outlay, so that we should have to content ourselves with the printed editions. We think there can be no question as to the immense usefulness, to say nothing of the peculiar literary interest, to a Dante student of a collection of this kind. It is obvious, for example, that there would often be a much better chance of getting at Dante's meaning in passages where he refers to Aristotle, if the latter were to be read in the old translations used by Dante (to which he refers in the *Convito*), instead of in modern critical editions of the original Greek. To understand Dante aright, we must work with the materials he worked with. A commentator who attempted to explain, say *Purg.* xxxiii. 49 (where Dante follows an old misreading, *Naiades* for *Laiades*, in *Metam.* vii. 759), by the light of a modern edition of Ovid, would be about as hopelessly at fault as an antiquary who should go to Sheffield for an explanation of the manufacture of flint arrow-heads. We trust that some day our visionary library may have a substantial existence. Meanwhile we make a present of the suggestion to the members of the Oxford Dante Society, or the curators of the Taylor Institution at Oxford. The latter already possesses a valuable collection of Dante literature, and might appropriately initiate such another collection as we have described.

But to return to our immediate subject. Mr. Butler has acquitted himself well of a task which must at times have proved somewhat tedious; for, as we have hinted above, Dr. Scartazzini's disquisitions are occasionally wearisome and unprofitable in the extreme. Mr. Butler is an experienced translator, and thoroughly understands the art of manipulating German so as to make it presentable to the English reader: indeed his version reads as smoothly as an original work. We have, however, one or two complaints to make. There are more misprints than we were prepared to find in a book of this kind: we may instance "actorem" for "auctorem" (p. 167), "lightly" for "rightly" (p. 270), "collection" for "collation" (p. 482), "Ordilaffi" (p. 119), "Vellutillo" (p. 140),

\* It was precisely through reading this romance in the MS. version, instead of in the garbled printed editions, that the present writer had the good fortune some years ago to discover the key to the previously unexplained allusion in *Pur.* xvi. 13-15, as was announced in the ACADEMY at the time.

"Mancettum" (p. 366), and "Maria Filefo" for "Mario," wherever the name occurs. And we must enter a protest against Mr. Butler's rendering of proper names, about which there is no manner of consistency: thus we have "Luxembourg" and "Aachen" (p. 14), the Councils of "Lyons" (p. 8) and "Constanz" (p. 126), "John Boccacio" (we should prefer to write with Lydgate "John Bochas," if the name is to be Englished at all), and, most intolerable of all, "Peter della Brosse" (p. 8), who has to pass through England and Italy before reaching his native France. We may add that the date of Lombardi's edition of the *Divina Commedia* is given wrongly (1871 for 1791) in the bibliographical list on p. ix., and that, though a Franciscan, his name was not Bonaventura (p. 473), but Baldassare.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

*The Celtic Twilight: Men and Women, Dhouls and Faeries.* By W. B. Yeats. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

It was Math the Magician—the same Math that formed the maiden Blodeuwedd from the blossoms of the oak and the broom and the meadow-sweet—who made a boat once out of a little sedge and seaweed, and set sail on another sea than we know to-day. Mr. Yeats is perhaps the one true follower of Math that we have left, and he proves his daring as a magician in nothing so much as in this last book of his. In it he dares to show us the materials of his craft—the little sedge and seaweed from which he built his magic bark of Oisin and Cuchulain. And if we are no nearer the secret at the end of this book than we were at the beginning, it is assuredly our fault and not his. *The Celtic Twilight* will still remain, to the Saxon intelligence at any rate, as much a mystery as ever. Its men and women will remain—only men and women; the dhouls and faeries will be no more intelligible or conceivable than before. But to those who believe in Math: that is, in the Imagination before all, it is different. They soon fall under the spell; a rhyme or so, and the thing is done. And Mr. Yeats knows his art, and begins with rhyme:—

"The host is riding from Knocknarea,  
And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;  
Caolte tossing his burning hair,  
And Niam calling, 'Away, come away;'

"And brood no more where the fire is bright,  
Filling thy heart with a mortal dream;  
For breasts are heaving and eyes a-gleam:  
Away, come away, to the dim twilight." . . .

This invocation is only too effective. It makes one expect other ghosts, and enchantments more rare and elusive, and more mediaeval, than can possibly belong to this latter end of the Celtic twilight. On the very next page, it is true, Mr. Yeats determines his boundary explicitly in prose. But the promise of his verse is not to be gainsaid, and its effect is to make one keep hoping for all the ancient mystery of Celtic tradition, still lurking, as one half ventured to believe, in the fields and watersides of Connacht and Leinster. That, unhappily, no longer exists as it did. Only the merest fragments remain; and this book is a

melancholy witness of how little that is. For Mr. Yeats makes no effort to build up these fragments; he takes them as he finds them, as they appear to him. To give his own account of himself and his book:

"Next to the desire," he says, "which every artist feels, to create for himself a little world out of the beautiful, pleasant, and significant things of this marred and clumsy universe, I have desired to show in a vision something of the face of Ireland to any of my own people who care for things of this kind. I have, therefore, written down accurately and candidly much that I have heard and seen, and, except by way of commentary, nothing that I have merely imagined."

This distinction between the writer's impressions and his imaginations is worth noting, seeing how much Impressionism, as against the purely imaginative use of subject-matter, is now in vogue. Mr. Yeats is not the only one among our younger contemporaries, perhaps, who has implied a difference between the two; but none other that I know of has elected to make it in actual practice a question betwixt prose and verse. However, like many other poets, his impressions, though expressed in prose, will be found often to end in imaginations—even in lyrical imaginations. In some passages of the book, indeed, the reader who has known Mr. Yeats hitherto only as poet and rhymer, will be very likely to hesitate, and wonder whether this thing had not been better adapted to another vehicle: as, for instance, in the striking conclusion of his second apologue:

"When all is said and done, how do we not know but that our own unreason may be better than another's truth? For it has been warmed on our hearths and in our souls, and is ready for the wild bees of truth to hive in it, and make their sweet honey. Come into the world again, wild bees, wild bees!"

But in the main the form is excellently well-fitted to the subject-matter of the book, as in the opening chapter, which gives a characteristic account of one Paddy Flynn. A little bright-eyed old man, he lived in a leaky and one-roomed cabin in the village of Ballisodare, which is, he was wont to say, "the most gentle"—whereby he meant faery—"place in the whole of County Sligo":—

"He was a great teller of tales, and unlike our common romancers, knew how to empty heaven, hell and purgatory, faeryland and earth, to people his stories. He did not live in a shrunken world, but knew of no less ample circumstance than did Homer himself. Perhaps the Gaelic people shall by his like bring back again the ancient simplicity and amplitude of imagination. What is literature but the expression of moods by the vehicle of symbol and incident. And are there not moods which need heaven, hell, purgatory, and faeryland for their expression, no less than this dilapidated earth?"

An "impressionist," in the ordinary sense, it is clear, of course, as any reader of his previous books must know, Mr. Yeats could never be; and though in this book he pretends to give us impressions, rather than imaginations, of the twilight of the Gael, his natural temper of idealism is such that not one of these sketches but is constantly turning its matter of fact into matter of imagination.

There is no want of humour either in the tales of the "gentry" or fairy people, or of the ghosts, who range so delightfully through Mr. Yeats's pages. There is an excellent set of them in a chapter on "Village Ghosts," in whose doings the villagers, with true Irish philosophy, have even learnt to take a humorous pleasure. Of these ghosts, one was a wicked sea-captain, who "stayed for years inside the plaster of a cottage wall, in the shape of a snipe, making the most horrible noises. He was only dislodged when the wall was broken down; then out of the solid plaster the snipe rushed away whistling."

How much more original this is than most of the ghosts in *Borderland*. So, too, with others who inhabit the same village of H—— in Leinster, which is so well described by Mr. Yeats that we cannot resist stealing the passage:

"History has in no manner been burdened by this ancient village, with its crooked lanes, its old abbey churchyard full of long grass, and its green background of small fir-trees, and its quay, where lie a few tarry fishing-luggers. In the annals of entomology it is well known. For a small bay lies westward a little, where he who watches night after night may see a certain rare moth fluttering along the edge of the tide, just at the end of evening or the beginning of dawn. A hundred years ago it was carried here from Italy by smugglers in a cargo of silks and laces."

There is a curious, half-ghostly fascination about this elusive moth, that makes one at once expect Mr. Yeats to turn it to account as a symbol of the tricksy spirit of Celtic lore which he pursues. But no! singularly enough, he severely discounts both moth and moth-hunter in a way that is quite unlike him. For every poet is, in a sense, a moth-hunter; though, indeed, it is not given to many to have so rare a moth of a muse as that which haunts Mr. Yeats's Celtic twilight.

ERNEST RHYS.

*The Kingdom of God is Within You.* Translated from the Russian of Count Leo Tolstoy by Constance Garnett. (Heinemann.)

*The Kingdom of God is Within You.* By Count Leo Tolstoi. Authorised translation from the original Russian MS. by A. Delano. (Walter Scott.)

COMPARATIVE criticism, in contemporary literature, falls so rarely to the share of the critic, that we hailed with something like exultation these two translations of Tolstoy's latest work. We anticipated the pleasure of being able to discover, by careful investigation, which of the rivals had best fathomed the author's meaning and followed it most closely: we assumed, in fact, that both translations would have an equal claim to literary merit, or, as is too often the case, to the want of it.

As we already knew the contents of Tolstoy's work, having had occasion to make its acquaintance both in its German dress and in a French disguise, we proceeded to dip into Mr. Delano's pages, and the first lines that met our eyes were these:

"Yet more. In 1891 this same Wilhelm, the enfant terrible of State authority, who expresses

what other men only venture to think, in a talk with certain soldiers, uttered publicly the following words, which were repeated the next day in thousands of papers."

Somehow, it seemed to us that the German Emperor was not in the habit of "talking" publicly with his soldiers, and that Tolstoy, once himself a soldier, could not be so ignorant of military etiquette as to write thus.

Turning to Mrs. Garnett's version, we read:

"And even this is not all. In 1892 the same William, the *enfant terrible* of State authority, who says plainly what other people only think, in addressing some soldiers, gave public utterance to the following speech, which was reported next day in thousands of newspapers."

Now, we understood: William had addressed some of his soldiers publicly. Notice, further, that Mr. Delano makes the newspapers "repeat" the Emperor's utterances. From this we might have concluded that the sheets he alluded to were phonographic ones, had it not been that Mrs. Garnett's translation rectified the blunder, and showed that Mr. Delano really meant "reported" when he wrote "repeated."

To point out errors of this kind is not hair-splitting, but log-cleaving, a performance little to our taste. A man guilty of such slipshod writing puts himself out of court, by his own action. Still, *à tout pêché, miséricorde*: let us try Mr. Delano again. Reverting to his title-page, we find:

"Christianity, not as a mystical doctrine, but as a new life-conception."

"Mystical doctrine" and "Life-conception" are fine combinations of words, no doubt; but the first seems rather out of place applied to Christianity, and the latter sounds so very Teutonic that, were it not for Mr. Delano's statement to the contrary, we should have inferred that his translation had been made at second hand, as is the case with the French rendering. If we refer to Mrs. Garnett, we read:

"Christianity not as a mystic religion but as a new theory of life."

This is intelligible: it renders the meaning of the Russian text in sensible English.

But Mr. Delano's shortcomings are not merely errors in translation: they are such as to make us question whether his literary acumen is not of the flimsiest kind.

Take, for instance, this single sentence:

"This would seem perfectly plain and simple, if we did not veil with hypocrisy the truth that is indubitably revealed to us,"

and compare it with Mrs. Garnett's version,

"It would be perfectly simple and clear if you did not by your hypocrisy disguise the truth which has so unmistakably been revealed to us."

It is, perhaps, unfortunate for Mr. Delano that Mrs. Garnett's translation was not kept back for a little while. He might, then, have passed muster with the many would-be renderers into English who deluge the book market with travesties of foreign productions; as it is, he can claim no place among the ranks of those who, like Mrs. Garnett, know the mysteries of *une écriture artiste*. If we add that Mrs. Garnett's volumes have the further advantage of thicker paper,

clearer headings, and better type, we shall have justified our using it exclusively for an understanding of Tolstoy's latest dicta.

Tolstoy's Christianity is of the hysterical type, blended with a strong tincture of scholastic logic. He assumes, without an atom of serious proof, that the teachings of Christ centre in the doctrine of non-resistance; and, starting from this basis, he works out a series of logical deductions after the most approved academic pattern, all tending to show the necessity of complying with the assumed duty; but whenever he tries to show us non-resistance in operation, he really describes the most powerful resistance of all—passive resistance. It seems to us that Tolstoy has never even dreamed of the possibility of there being a difference between the two. So much for his philosophical knowledge.

To us the great, the immense value of his book lies elsewhere—in the picture of Russian misrule at this latter end of the nineteenth century, drawn by a man bearing no ill-will to the petty tyrants whose doings he so dramatically unveils. We can but quote one example, but it is typical:

"This is what took place in Orel. Just as in the Toula province, a landlord here wanted to appropriate the property of the peasants, and just in the same way the peasants opposed it. The matter in dispute was a fall of water, which irrigated the peasants' fields, and which the landowner wanted to cut off and divert to turn his mill. The peasants rebelled against this being done. The landowner laid a complaint before the district commander, who illegally (as was recognised later even by a legal decision) decided the matter in favour of the landowner, and allowed him to divert the watercourse. The landowner sent workmen to dig the conduit by which the water was to be let off to turn the mill. The peasants were indignant at this unjust decision, and *sent their women* to prevent the landowner's men from digging the conduit. . . ."

The italics are ours. They "sent their women!" What a tale of down-trodden manhood it tells, and how it explains the abject way in which the men, later on, take their flogging? The atrocious scene—too long for quotation here—is described with a simplicity and directness of purpose which is the very acme of art in narratives of this kind. To these pages of historical value the future student will turn with pleasure, when the author's vapourings about non-resistance are no longer remembered of men, "for they deserve it not."

ROGER DE GOEIJ.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Common Ancestor.* By John Hill. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

*A Yellow Aster.* By Iota. In 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

*The Tiger Lily.* By G. Manville Fenn. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

*A Marriage Ceremony.* By Ada Cambridge. In 2 vols. (Hutchinson.)

*A Bush Girl's Romance.* By Hume Nisbet. (White.)

*Beyond the Ice.* By G. Read Murphy. (Sampson Low.)

*Not Angels Quite.* By Nathan Haskell Dole. (Gay & Bird.)

*In Love with the Czarina.* By Maurice Jókai. (Frederick Warne.)

MR. JOHN HILL is always a smart and incisive writer, with just a slight inclination to alarm the British matron; but *The Common Ancestor* is by far the best thing he has yet achieved. There is more approach in it to the true principle of novel writing: that is, the determination to allow the characters to interpret themselves, and not to treat them as mere pegs upon which to hang all the various ideas of the author himself. The story seems to open somewhat unpromisingly; for we are introduced to Sergeant Dick Scanlan, as he is performing his duties on the parade-ground of Wellington Barracks, and then to his sister, Nora Scanlan, in the show-room of Messrs. Whitehall & Westgrove. By and by, however, the prospect widens for the brother and sister, for the distant "common ancestor" dies in Ireland and leaves Dick a large fortune. Scanlan is a good-hearted sort of fellow; but Nora is a very superior creature indeed, whom nobody really understands until another superior creature, Andrew Cunningham, comes along. Then there is Johnny Smalley, who shares with the Scanlans whatever honours attach to the "common ancestor"; and, acting upon his advice, they buy a property near his father's at Redcliff, a summer seaside resort. Mr. Hill sketches with singular facility the chief inhabitants of Redcliff. We know them all well, from the scholarly rector (Cunningham's relative) to General Barker, of the Laurels, "who was an amateur astronomer, and an interpreter of the Book of Revelation, the various vials, trumpets, and beasts of which he applied to contemporary politics and celebrities." Into the quiet and inoffensive life of Redcliff intrudes that snake in the grass, Mr. Leopold Scheiner, another Hebrew who spoils the Egyptians, for he entices the good people into a financial speculation, which ends in the discomfiture of the investors, but to the manifest advantage of Leopold Scheiner. He is aided by his foreign wife, who acts as a decoy duck, and there are some very miserable passages between the pair. Meanwhile, Andrew Cunningham has conveyed the Scanlans abroad on their travels, and, as he is a kind of Admirable Crichton, the brother and sister find their tour quite a "liberal education." What might have been foreseen occurs—Cunningham and Nora fall desperately in love with each other. After they return to England, stories are set afloat to Cunningham's detriment, but they are proved to be baseless; and Cunningham turns the tables so neatly upon the Scheiners that they are obliged to flee from Redcliff. There are many interesting subsidiary incidents in the novel, and two or three of the minor characters are remarkably well drawn. Besides being clever, *The Common Ancestor* is one of the most enjoyable stories we have read for a long time.

The mystery, quickly dispelled, about the identity of "Iota," led us to expect greater

things than we have found in the novel entitled *A Yellow Aster*. True, in the third volume there are one or two powerful and pathetic scenes; but as a whole, the story does not manifest a very high order of talent. Many readers, too, will be repelled by its subject. To Henry Waring and his wife are born two children, but for any affection or tenderness shown to them they might have been born in Timbuctoo. They are put utterly out of the lives of the parents, who spend their time in the composition of drivelling philosophical treatises which are to correct the ignorance of the world on every point. Meantime, the girl grows up to be remarkably beautiful. She hungers for a mother's love, but it never comes, and her own heart grows dead and cold. Then she marries Sir Humphrey Strange, but although he loves her madly and devotedly he cannot touch her heart. The best part of the book is that which reveals the awakening of Mrs. Waring to the terrible truth that she has lost the best sweetness of life. She has strange yearnings for baby touches and baby kisses when it is too late, and she has to find "the pale ghosts of them amongst her lost children's baby clothes." On her deathbed she has one brief glimpse of a mother's happiness, and she dies kissing and fondling the hands of her child whom she never kissed before. Philosophy breaks down utterly with Mr. and Mrs. Waring, and Nature reigns. Then comes the awakening of Lady Strange. A child is born to her, and through her love for it her soul opens towards her husband, and they become one in thought and affection. This part of the narrative is beautifully worked out, but the general effect of the novel is not a pleasing one. The minute analysis of sacred feelings and the most delicate sensations rather jars on one's nerves. *A Yellow Aster* is a clever study on the special subject of maternal love—though by no means so clever as some critics would have us believe. As one swallow does not constitute a spring, so it remains to be seen whether "Iota" is a woman of one book, or whether she has the makings of a novelist in her. We have noticed two agonising misprints in the first volume: the famous French painter of infantine beauty is spoken of as Greuse, and the title of one of Browning's best known poems appears as "Caliban on Cetebos."

Mr. Manville Fenn's latest story, *A Tiger Lily*, is not quite so strong as the one which we recently reviewed, *In an Alpine Valley*; but it is decidedly better than the generality of novels which come before us. He calls it "a story of two passions"—the passions in question being the immortal ones of love and art. Armstrong Dale is a young American artist who has left the States to study in Europe. He has immense genius—indeed his brother artist Pace, who is an indifferent painter himself, but an excellent judge, says to him on one occasion, "Here you are, gifted by nature with ten times the brains of an ordinary man; you can paint like Raphael or Murillo; fame and fortune are at your feet; and you have the love waiting for you of one of the sweetest, most angelic women who ever stepped this earth." This female paragon,

Cornel Thorpe, has loved Dale since his boyhood, and they are betrothed. The highest hopes are formed of the rising artist, when, alas! in London he falls a victim to the beauty of the Comtesse Della-toria, a magnificent, Juno-like woman, who is cruelly treated by the Italian reptile who calls himself her husband. She is madly in love with Dale. To enable him to complete a great work he has on hand she even sits to him as his model, with a mask on her face to disguise her. Dale becomes completely enthralled, and Cornel and her brother, Doctor Thorpe, come over from America to recover him to sanity and his old love. Very dramatic scenes ensue in Dale's studio; but after some bitter and all too sensuous experiences the earlier and purer love conquers. There is nothing intricate in the plot, but the story is well developed, and one or two chapters exhibit a wonderful amount of concentrated, if sometimes unwholesome, passion.

The idea of a wealthy old curmudgeon leaving a large fortune to a young couple, on condition that they marry within a given time, is not new; but Miss Cambridge has treated it with originality in *A Marriage Ceremony*. When Rutherford Hope and Betty Ochiltree were ordered to marry within three months, or the whole of the testator's money would go to a charity, they were just beginning to experience tender sentiments towards each other. A complete revulsion of feeling now came over them, but at Hope's urgent request they married and separated on the same day. Hope was not long in discovering that he really loved his wife, and that he would willingly have sacrificed all his fortune to woo her as a poor suitor: but it was too late—gold had raised a barrier between them. Betty was a charming but wilful creature. She resented Hope's love-making, and even went to the other end of the world to escape his importunities; but do what she would, she could not crush him out of her existence. She put him through an unnecessarily long probation, however, before she would admit to herself that he was not indifferent to her. But love is capable of many sacrifices, and Hope won his wife's affections at the last. Both felt that the final reward was worth waiting for. The episode of the gifted little Hilda Penrose, and her secret love for Rutherford Hope, is very tenderly related; but we cannot quite see why Miss Cambridge should have wedded her to a selfish clod like Donne. If she had to die, she might have been spared this. The narrative altogether is well worked out, and the reader will be interested in tracing the fortunes of the hero and heroine from their formal marriage ceremony to their real union.

Mr. Hume Nisbet is a vigorous writer, but not always a pleasant one. Take, for example, the awful horrors described in *A Bush Girl's Romance*, and especially in the chapters headed, "Crocodile Station" and "Dispersing the Natives," which we hope, for the sake of humanity, are considerably exaggerated. There is also something creepy in the diabolical humour of Captain Wildrake, just before he pays the

last penalty for his crimes. By the way, the bush girl herself is charming; but, though she furnishes the title of the story, there is a good half of it in which she makes no appearance at all. But, whatever objections may be taken to the sketch, on the ground, mainly, of its almost unmentionable horrors, it is, undoubtedly, written with great spirit.

Visions of a Utopian state, in which things will be better managed than they are on this discredited planet, have been rather common in novels recently. We cannot say that Mr. Murphy impresses us favourably by his story of this type, *Beyond the Ice*. It professes to be edited from Dr. Frank Farleigh's diary, describing a newly-discovered region past the North Pole. The people in Undara are bigger than those in the middle world, and they dress a little differently, and call one another by their Christian names; otherwise the differences are not very great. We are shown how the new civilisation deals with social problems, domestic economy, science, agriculture, morals, religion, &c.; but there is nothing very striking in the narrative. The hymn composed by Parson Hamer is terrible stuff when contrasted with the majestic simplicity of Bishop Ken's stanzas on the same subject. There is a marriage bureau in Undara, so that matrimonial agents who find it incompatible with the law to pursue their calling here might perhaps pick up a wrinkle or two from this new method. War also, we regret to see, is not only possible in Undara, but is carried on with a murderous precision that would satisfy the scientific instincts of a von Moltke. There are some points of real interest in the story; but, judged as a whole, we are not struck by its newness of suggestion, or its ability.

There are two pairs of lovers in Mr. Dole's *Not Angels Quite*, and in each case they are unsuited to each other. The main incidents of the narrative, which are not very exciting, relate to the breaking-off of long-standing engagements rashly entered into, and the proper sorting of the lovers. Alma Doubleday and Harry Carburn are, it must be admitted, quite a superior couple to the ordinary run of young people; and we are glad when their acquaintanceship—which began in a very quaint manner—ends in happiness and marriage. There are some smart things in this volume, and various snatches of original poetry. Some of these are indifferent; but the hexameters descriptive of New England scenery towards the close of the story are really stirring and vigorous. Mrs. Carburn and Mr. and Mrs. Priestley are well-drawn characters, and the tragic death of Mr. Priestley is described with true feeling. May we again draw the attention of an American writer to one of those mistakes so common with his class? An English baronet does not "find his name in the British peerage."

It would have given a better impression of the great Hungarian writer Jókai, if Messrs. Warne had added to their Library of Continental Authors one of his sustained works, instead of the collection of short stories headed *In Love with the Czarina*. Still, even here we perceive the power and

intensity of the novelist shining through. The sketches are founded on historical incidents, and all, except the last, deal with painful or ghastly subjects. They are spiritedly translated by Mr. Felbermann, though we may remind the translator that such phrases as "I shall *lay* in his bed" are not English.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.

*Lyric Poems.* By Lawrence Binyon. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane.) From the London Hippocrene, the Bodley Head in Vigo-street, there comes yet another singer for the judgment of those who are fleet enough to be at the heels of modern poetical literature. Mr. Lawrence Binyon has done his utmost for the critic by arranging his poems, so far as possible, in order of composition or conception; and as the present volume contains presumably the choice clusters from the author's literary vineyard, it is possible to contrast the vintage of 1890 with that of 1893. Perhaps the palate of the present writer is not fine enough for a task so delicate; perhaps the alteration is inexplicably slight; in any case the gap of time is, comparatively speaking, sufficiently small to be disregarded. Three years makes a momentous difference in a Shelley; in the sonnets of Brown or the odes of Smith they make precious little effect. In 1890 a slender volume of verse entitled *Primavera* attracted notice. Mr. Binyon was one of the contributors to its success. In *Lyrical Poems* there are reprinted the four poems which first saw the light in *Primavera*. Of these, "Testamentum Amoris" has an undoubted charm, despite two disadvantages. Such a couplet as the following is clumsy, since to make it tolerable for the ear a heavy stress must be put on the second syllable of "straightway":

"I cannot put away life's trivial care,  
But you straightway steal on me with delight."

The quatrain next to be quoted is, in thought, very Lovelace of very Lovelace:

"You are the lovely regent of my mind,  
The constant sky to my unresting sea;  
Yet since 'tis you that rule me, I but find  
A finer freedom in such tyranny."

Mr. Binyon is often extremely commonplace, apparently of set purpose. But he must remember that nothing is harder than in poetry to successfully treat the commonplace. Platitudine must have glorious presentment, else is platitude but a dull dog! It is not easy to be sure why *Lyrical Poems* is somewhat of a disappointment. Poets are notoriously impatient, and, doubtless, Mr. Binyon is no exception. When he has learnt restraint, he will in all probability make perfect the imperfect, yet partly lovely, song which is given below:

"I have too happy been.  
Some sad fate envies me.  
An arrow she, unseen,  
Has fitted to her bow,  
And smiling grim, I know,  
Let the drawn shaft leap free.  
"Deep in my side it pierced :  
With sudden pain I shook,  
And gazed around, the accurst  
Perfidious foe to espy.  
Lo, only thou art nigh  
With sweet and troubled look!"

Here the pen has betrayed the brain. "Accurst perfidious" is dreadful, and the rhyme "pierced-accurst" more dreadful still. The two last lines of the second verse are surprising and beautiful.

*Dante: a Dramatic Poem.* By G. H. R. Dabbs and Edward Righton. (Macmillans.)

This dramatic poem, so brief that an industrious reader can finish it in twenty minutes, has been performed by the Independent Theatre Society at St. George's Hall. True literature is so seldom present in plays, that the spectator is glad to be weaned from words by action; but *Dante* seems to us to be more fitted for the library than for the footlights. In other words, it is of good literary quality. From beginning to end this little play glows. It gives opportunities for ranting, but the authors have always been ready with the right feeling for the right moment. The thought of the following excerpt is a commonplace of oppressed genius, but it is hard to see how it could be better stated; for it is both temperate and trenchant:

"*Gemma.* Our children know not Florence, think on this.

*Dante.* And Florence knows not me—consider that.

The city of my fathers—fairest—first—  
Queen-lily of the garden of the world :  
And yet the time will come—I know it well—

A time not far away, nay, very near—  
When hands that would not clasp my own to-day

Will scramble for my ashes, and the crowd

That fain would tear me limb from limb  
but now,

Will then swear Heaven away to keep my dust.

Wife, in the coming kingdoms of the earth,

The genius that must shine will shine through clouds;

The hand that writes a truth down for mankind

Will be the bony hand that want has made

A shadowy skeleton ; the thoughts that burn

Will flame from souls of starving citizens,  
And only from the garrets of the world

Will gleam the star-fire of the Spirit of God."

*In Various Moods.* By M. A. B. Evans. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) To be beautifully slight in literature: how hard a task! To few, indeed, is it given to write the lovely nothing. Now the author of *In Various Moods* would rather be airy than metaphysical, showing by such a choice that he sets out on his poetical journey in company with wisdom, paradoxical as it may sound. He has the requisite high spirits, the ready quip; but the lyrical gift whereby to trick out his fancies charmingly has been withheld. The obvious resource is to imitate, to make the most of a good ear for rhythm, and use the successes of others. In the first part of this book we have high spirits clumsily translated into words. It would be interesting to see a treatment by Mr. Austin Dobson of the idea contained in "The Modern Rachel":

"Priscilla leaned back in her well-cushioned pew,  
With a smile on her winsome young face,  
As she heard the old story of Rachel anew,  
She yawned 'mid her ruffles of lace.

"One man for seven years!" thought this gay young coquette,  
"How awfully stupid and queer!  
Now I should prefer, without one regret,  
Seven men for a single year!"

The poem is a nothing, but it is not airy. All the epithets are deadly ordinary. The swing of the second stanza is defective—in a word, it is a fair sample of the quality of the first fifty pages in the volume under notice. The second section shows as plain as plain can be the most potent influence of Mr. Austin Dobson and (since posterity may not name them apart) Mr. Edmund Gosse. We hasten to say that the disciple has not shamed the masters, for

some of the rondeaux and triolets are gracefully managed. This is amusing :

"With rich pumpkin-pie  
And turkey give thanks.  
Feel your heart mollify  
With rich pumpkin-pie.  
In your neighbour descrey  
A man first in the ranks.  
With rich pumpkin-pie  
And turkey give thanks."

*Two Lives.* By Reginald Fanshawe. (Bell.)

In the afternoon of a man's life it is no uncommon thing for him to turn with loathing upon the idols of his youth. In the fiery days of conclusions too rapid it seemed easy to deny all spiritual help. Youth is not the season for crutches, be they material or immaterial. But then comes the armchair period of life, when the radiant phases have passed away, when those old friends of the bright eyes and eager hearts possess only so much of the earth as their coffins occupy. It is in these days, when thought is the only exercise remaining, that so many enter upon a pilgrimage from the wilderness of doubt to the Canaan of hope. Such a journey Mr. Reginald Fanshawe seeks to describe in *Two Lives*, an incomplete poem of great interest, although, from its strangely monastic nature, so contrary to the modern drift of poetry, something hard of both perusal and classification. Austerity is not the note of the day. The powder-puff and skirt-dancing are subjects that more deeply thrill the rhymesters of the hour. Two men pipe of the music hall, and lo, they become a School. Two men sing of the cradle and the spouse, and lo, they become a School. But here is Mr. Fanshawe, with a poem so foreign to the jingles of the modern muse that he must be a School all by himself. We cannot but admire the audacity with which Mr. Fanshawe revels in difficulties. He has an almost Homeric largeness. His theme is of the hardest; his measure far from easy. What is the result of so much daring? To be candid, we are not greatly impressed, save by the fact that we have to deal with a courageous poet. Mr. Fanshawe turns out stanza after stanza scrupulously correct, scholarly, and, not seldom, beautiful; but at last the reader (unless his appetite be Gargantuan) is likely to tire. We confess to our fatigue. It may be our fault, it may be Mr. Fanshawe's.

*The Rescue, and other Poems.* By Henry Bellyse Baildon. (Fisher Unwin.) Recalling the days gone by since they composed rival verse-renderings of Ovid, Mr. Baildon, in a merry preface, dedicates his book to Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a volume of poems unequal in merit to a degree quite remarkable. Mr. Baildon should shun the love-song. As far as he is concerned, his lady's eyebrow should go unsung; for foolscap is evidently a bad conductor of his emotions. All of erotic in *The Rescue* is unsatisfactory; the fervour seems forced. If one God more than another should be easily lyrical, he is Cupid. In many of the pieces not touching upon love between man and woman there are some fine phrases, but too often a defective verse spoils the effect for a reader. The success of the book, to our thinking, is "Jael and Sisera," with its strange eastern atmosphere so cunningly rendered. We should like to quote from this poem, but think that such a course would be injurious to it. We give "Auriculas" as an example of Mr. Baildon's fancy:

"Grave grandeens from pageant olden,  
Purple, crimson, primrose, golden ;  
Yellow-hearted, tawny-tuckered  
Velvet-robed, and flounced and pucker'd,  
Golden-eyed and garnet-breasted,  
Cherry-rimmed and velvet-vested,  
Silver-powdered, golden-dusted,  
Damson-dyed, or orange-rusted,

Pencilled, painted, grained and graded,  
Frilled and brodered and brocaded,  
Ye should move in gilded coaches  
While some gorgeous prince approaches  
(Let the Polyanthi then  
Run as dapper liverymen !)  
Till your dames on polished floors  
Sail, live splendid Pompadours !

The end justifies the beginning. We shall never see Auriculas again without thinking of compound adjectives.

NORMAN GALE.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. W. J. HARVEY, the editor of *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, has now ready for the press his Bibliography of Privately-printed Books, for which he has been collecting materials during many years, and which will supersede Martin's, the only other work on the subject.

GEORGE EGERTON, the author of *Keynotes*—which showed strong Scandinavian influence—is now engaged upon the translation of a book by Ola Haussen, one of the most striking writers of the new school in the North. It is a series of critical essays, entitled *Tolke og Seere* ("Interpreters and Seers").

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish, on April 9, a new story of modern society, by Mr. E. F. Benson, in two volumes, entitled *The Rubicon*. We understand that *Dodo*, by the same author, is now in its thirteenth edition, and that its popularity shows no sign of decrease.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO. have in the press a volume of *Shakspere Studies* by the late Prof. T. Spencer Baynes, editor of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, to which Prof. Lewis Campbell, his colleague for many years at St. Andrews, will contribute a biographical sketch. The contents include the article on "Shakspere" in the *Encyclopaedia*, and three articles entitled "What Shakspere learned at School," which appeared about fourteen years ago in *Fraser's*.

AMONG the contributors to *Vox Clamantium*, the new "Gospel for the People," which is to be published directly after Easter by Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., will be: Mr. A. R. Wallace, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr. Lewis Morris, Prof. Shuttleworth, Mr. A. E. Fletcher, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Mr. Grant Allen, the new Dean of Ely, the Rev. J. C. Adderley, and Mr. Tom Mann.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER announce for early publication an historical romance by the Rev. J. D. Craig Houston, entitled *The Daughter of Leontius*: or, Phases of Byzantine Life in the Fifth Century.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & CO. will shortly publish a semi-humorous account of a hunting-trip among the Red Indians of the Sioux Nation, by Mr. Price Collier, of Boston, now resident in England. The author, and also the artist who furnishes the illustrations, lived for several months on the plains of the North-West, riding, shooting, and becoming familiar with the daily life of the Sioux Indians, who are almost the sole inhabitants of this particular part of the prairies. The book is written from the standpoint of one who has no political or sectarian prejudices, and pictures the Red Indian from the rather unusual point of view of the man of the world of literary tastes.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces for early publication *Chapters on Church Music*, by Mr. R. B. Daniel.

MESSRS. HENRY & CO. will publish immediately a new humorous book, entitled *Abroad with Twitty*, by Mr. Ernest Mulliner, author of "Declined with Thanks."

MR. J. T. BAILLIE, of Edinburgh, has in the press a little illustrated book, by Mr. J. Wilson M'Laren, to be entitled *Tibbie and Tam*: or, the Upcomes, Dooncomes, and Ongaus o' Twa Cannie Scots.

MESSRS. ISAAC PITMAN & SONS announce the early publication of a handbook, entitled *Commercial Terms, Phrases, and Abbreviations*, by Mr. W. G. Cordingley, author of "Cordingley's Guide to the Stock Exchange."

THE three following have been elected members of the Athenaeum Club by the committee: Mr. Charles Booth, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, and Mr. A. S. Murray.

AMONG the arrangements at the Royal Institution after Easter, we may specially mention a course of two lectures on "Literature and Journalism," by Mr. H. D. Traill.

MESSRS. METHUEN have moved this week from Bury-street, Bloomsbury, to 36, Essex-street, Strand, where they will be neighbours of Messrs. Seeley.

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH, we are glad to find, has not been deterred from continuing his Dictionary of English Book-Collectors, though it must be admitted that the new Part does not altogether realise the promise of the original prospectus. By force of circumstances, the work has tended to become rather a catalogue of collections than a biography of collectors. We have here a brief account of five great libraries that were dispersed within the last ten years, including those of two dukes and two earls; but though it is well known who sold the books, hardly anything can be ascertained about those who first brought them together. The only untitled collector is Mr. Frederick Perkins, whose birth and death are equally unrecorded. Nor do we feel at all sure that the library of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire was formed by himself; part of it, such as the volumes of Civil War Tracts, may conceivably have been inherited from the Hampdens. But so far as Mr. Quaritch is concerned, we have nothing but gratitude. To him are due the illustrations, consisting of an admirable reproduction in colours and gold (by Griggs) of the binding of the presentation copy to James V. of Boece's *Croniklis of Scotland* (1536), and of two pages from that book, which are alone worth the eighteen-pence asked for the Part. To him, too, is due the information that the Golden Gospels (written in the time of Charlemagne, and once owned by Henry VIII.), which he bought for £2500 in the Hamilton sale, are now in a private library at Oswego, being "the most precious book in the whole New World."

#### THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE editors of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which has now completed its first year of existence, make the following announcements for their new volume: a serial novel, by Mr. Rider Haggard; three articles on "The Rise of Wellington," by Lord Roberts; a paper on "Copenhagen and Other Famous Battle Horses," by Mr. Archibald Forbes; short stories by Bret Harte, Thomas Hardy, Q., Mrs. Oliphant, W. E. Morris, and W. Clark Russell; poems by Lewis Morris, the Hon. Roden Noel, Alfred Austin, Rudyard Kipling, Norman Gale, and R. Le Gallienne; as well as contributions from Walter Besant, Grant Allen, W. H. Mallock, Ouida, Prof. Lanciani, &c.

The forthcoming number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* will contain the following articles: "Oriental Art and Archaeology," by Mr. William Simpson, the veteran artist of the *Illustrated London News*; "The Eucharist of

the Lamas," by Dr. L. A. Waddell, whose researches in Tibetan Buddhism have more than once been noticed in the ACADEMY; "The Progress of Anthropology in India," by Mr. H. H. Risley, the secretary of the newly founded section of Anthropology in the Bengal Asiatic Society; "Assyria and Nineveh," by Dr. A. Lincke; and "The True Nature and Interpretation of the *Yi-King*," by Prof. C. de Harlez, of Louvain, who does not agree with any of his brother Sinologists on this vexed question.

MR. W. W. YATES, of Dewsbury, who has been mainly instrumental in starting the Brontë Museum in that town, will contribute to the April number of the *New Review* an article on "Some Relics of the Brontës," accompanied by photographs illustrating original works of art and needlework by Charlotte Brontë.

MR. J. ASHCROFT NOBLE will contribute to the April number of *Atalanta* an essay on "The Dramatic Novel, as represented by George Eliot."

THE forthcoming number of the *Reliquary* will contain a continuation of Mr. Clement Hodges's articles on the "Pre-conquest Churches of Northumbria," and of Mr. T. M. Fallow's "Notes on the Cathedral Churches of Sweden." Canon Atkinson writes on "The Roman Road through East Cleveland: its Terminus and Object"; and Miss A. W. Buckland on "Neolithic Trepanning." There are also articles on "Old Municipal Corporations of Ireland," "A British Idol at Aldborough," and "The Brass of Dorothy Turner at Kirkleatham."

DR. KARL BLIND will contribute to the next number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* an article on "Anarchism, Old and New," with personal reminiscences, treating of the views of Louis Blanc, a forgotten work of Proudhon, as well as the writings of English and foreign Anarchist leaders in this country.

THE Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley contributes an article entitled "Are our children being over educated?" to the April number of *Cassell's Magazine*, which will also contain a paper on "Preparation for the Navy," by Mr. Raymond Blathwayt in which he describes a visit to H.M.S. *Britannia*, and the first of a series of articles on "People who face Death."

*Good Words* for April will contain articles on Tycho Brahe, by Sir Robert Ball; "The City of the White Walls," by the Dean of Gloucester; "Assisted Sight," by Sir Herbert Maxwell; "Dean Stanley," by the Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod; "The Skipper's Bible," by Eden Phillpotts; and "The Love of Christ in the Life to Come," by the Bishop of Winchester.

The *Quiver* for April will contain a paper entitled "Mr. Moody in his Native Air," with illustrations of his surroundings at Northfield; an article on "Vipers—and Public Opinion," by the Rev. Michael Eastwood; and also contributions from the Bishop of Winchester, Archdeacon Sinclair, A. K. H. B., and Mrs. Weigall.

THE April number of the *Sunday Magazine* will contain an illustrated interview with the Rev. Dr. Hunter, of Glasgow.

#### UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

PROF. J. R. SEELEY, author of *The Expansion of England*, has been appointed a knight commander of the order of St. Michael and St. George.

WE hear that Prof. Robinson Ellis has chosen as the subject of his inaugural lecture, to be delivered at Oxford next term, "The Fables of Phaedrus."

PROF. EDWARD DOWDEN announces a course of six lectures, on "The French Revolution and English Literature," to be delivered by him at Cambridge next term, as Clark lecturer in English literature at Trinity College.

PROF. F. J. SYLVESTER has been elected one of the twelve foreign members of the Italian scientific academy called "Dei Quaranta." The two other English members are Lord Kelvin and Mr. Huxley.

THE University of Aberdeen has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Dr. Fairbairn, principal of Mansfield College.

EXAMINATIONS for the diploma in agricultural science and practice will be held at Cambridge during the first week of July. The examination, which is open to persons who are not members of the university, will be in two parts: (1) Botany, chemistry, engineering, entomology, geology, physiology, and book-keeping; (2) Agriculture (in part conducted in a farm) and surveying.

DR. DONALD MACALISTER has been appointed Linacre reader in physic at St. John's College, Cambridge, in succession to Dr. Bradbury, the new Downing professor of medicine.

MR. G. M. LANE has resigned the Pope chair of Latin at Harvard, after a service to the college extending over forty-three years. The corporation has voted him a retiring pension of 3000 dollars (£600), with the title of Professor Emeritus. It appears that this is the first pension that has been bestowed at Harvard, though there is now a capital sum of about 280,000 dollars (£54,000) available for the purpose.

MR. HENRY W. SAGE, the benefactor of Cornell University, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. On this occasion, the board of trustees presented him with a memorial vase of silver; and the museum of classical archaeology, his latest gift to the university, was formally opened. It contains more than 500 casts, and is said to be second only to the collection in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

M. MAX COLLIGNON, the archaeologist, has been elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions, in succession to the late M. Waddington.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

##### DECADENCE.

EPIC POET (*speak*s).

The song of nations and their overthrow,  
Of mighty men that drank the earth's new wine  
Mingled with tears and blood; that song is mine,  
That ancient tale of love and wrath and woe.  
The darkness lifts along the battle-line,  
And there are lightnings from the upper skies,  
And voices of the gods in mortal guise  
Speaking with heroes only less divine.

##### DRAMATIC POET.

Mine is the song of life, the song that stirred  
The soul of Athens—down the listless years  
For ever falls the singing rain of tears,  
Rings the immortal laughter—by my word  
I shape the breathing form, the rhythmic heart  
Of terror and desire, of love and hate,  
The hands that hold, the feet that follow fate.  
Then from their busy throng I stand apart,  
And 'mid their voices mine is never heard.

##### IDYLLIC POET.

Mine are the songs of sunlight, songs whereof  
The chords are delicate colours; as I sing,  
I dream and waken, waken, dream, and still  
Can hear the footsteps and the voice of love,  
Can see the happy shepherds wandering  
Along the fields, or sleeping on the hill  
At noonday, with the noon's white sky above.

#### LYRIC POET.

And I would sing of love, of love alone,  
For love is loveliest of all things that are,  
And songs of love the sweetest of all song,  
With many chords and one sweet monotone;  
Having known many loves, and seen from far  
One love victorious over change and wrong.

#### DECADENT.

The gods and heroes they are dust, and none  
Knoweth their place, and love and light are gone  
Where none can follow; they have left behind  
For us the wiser heart, the sadder mind;  
And we can hear no other voice save one,  
Out of the dark, the voice of one who sings  
Of life forgotten and of dying things;  
Whose song, brought hither by the sorrowing  
wind,  
Enchants the soul of him who listeneth—  
So sweetly sing the lips of lyric Death.

MAY SINCLAIR.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Boletin* of the Real Academia de la Historia for March prints several reports of old date relating to the continuation of the *España Sagrada*, and the composition of its later volumes. Jimenez de la Llave catalogues the documents in the municipal archives of Talavera, containing papers of great interest, especially concerning the Hermandades; and Vicente de la Fuente examines the smaller archives of Tarazona, Veruela, and other neighbouring towns. In Veruela is a copy of the proceedings in the divorce between Catherine of Aragon and Henry VIII., held at Zaragoza in 1521. Padre Fita has notices of the little-known councils of Palencia (1100) and of Gerona (1101); and, in conjunction with Señor Paz y Espeso, deals with the earliest MSS. in the National Library relating to the monastery of San Millan. Garcia Sanchez of Navarre calls himself King of the Spains (*hispaniarum rex*) already in 929.

#### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

BARAIL, Général du Mes Souvenirs. T. 1. 1820—1851. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.  
CHEVILLON, A. Sydney Smith and the renaissance des idées libérales en Angleterre au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.  
CORNELIS DE WITT, Mme. Six mois de guerre 1870—71. Lettres et journal. Paris: Hachette. 2 fr.  
HARTUNG, O. Die deutschen Alterthümer des Nibelungenliedes u. der Kudrun. Cüthen: Schulze. 9 M.  
KNAUTH, P. V. Goethe's Sprache u. Stil im Alter. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 60 Pf.  
NAGRADOW, W. J. Moderne russische Censur u. Preisse vor u. hinter den Couliers. Berlin: Cronbach. 6 M.  
RICHEPIN, Jean. Mes Paradis (poésies). Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.

##### THEOLOGY, ETC.

BACHMANN, P. J. Textus psalmorum massoreticus. Pars I. Psalmi i.—xx. Appendix: Fragmentum de psalmis gradualibus aethiopice scriptum. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M.  
BACHMANN, J. Alttestamentliche Untersuchungen. 1. Bd. Berlin: Calvary. 4 M.  
VETTER, P. Der apokryph. 3. Korintherbrief. Tübingen: Fues. 4 M.

##### HISTORY, ETC.

FORST, H. Maria Stuart u. der Tod Darnleys. Bonn: Habicht. 1 M.  
FRAMONT et MEUNYNCK. Histoire des Cannonniers de Lille. Lille: Quarré. 25 fr.  
HAUTCEUR, E. Cartulaire de l'église collégiale de Saint-Pierre de Lille. Lille: Quarré. 30 fr.  
JÄGER, J. Beiträge zur Geschichte des Erzstifts Mainz unter Diether v. Isenburg u. Adolf II. v. Nassau. Osnabrück: Schöningh.  
MAYER, M. Wolfgang Lazius als Geschichtsschreiber Österreichs. Innsbruck: Wagner. 1 M. 80 Pf.  
PAPAYAYA, B. Studie üb. den Theibau in der Landwirtschaftsstadt besonders in Dalmatien. Innsbruck: Wagner. 2 M. 40 Pf.

PIEPER, A. Zur Entstehungsgeschichte der ständigen Nuntiaturen. Freiburg-i.-B.: Herder. 3 M. 50 Pf.  
URKUNDEN u. Astenstücke zur Geschichte d. Kurfürsten Friedrich Wilhelm v. Brandenburg. 15. Bd. Hreg. v. K. Breysig. Berlin: Reimer. 30 M.

##### PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

GLÜCKMANN, J. Kritische Studien im Bereiche der Fundamentalanschauung-n der theoretischen Chemie. 2. Thl. Über die Molekularhypothese. Wien: Deuticke. 2 M. 50 Pf.

KOGANEI. Beiträge zur physischen Anthropologie der Ainu. I. Untersuchungen am Skelet. Berlin: Friedländer. 12 M.  
RADLOFF, W. Arbeiten der Orenon-Expedition. Atlas der Alterthümer der Mongolei. 2. Lfg. Leipzig: Voss. 24 M.  
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#### CORRESPONDENCE.

TATIAN'S DIATESSARON AND A DUTCH HARMONY.  
Christ's College, Cambridge: Feb. 20, 1894.

Dr. Zahn, of Erlangen, who by his indefatigable labours and sober judgments has done more than any other scholar towards the reconstruction of Tatian's Diatessaron, has just published in the *Neue Kirchl. Zeitschrift* (v. 1), an account of his examination of two Munich MSS., which throw fresh light on the problem of the Latin Tatian, which Victor of Capua found and employed in his famous *Codex Fuldensis*. One of these is a Latin MS. (of the thirteenth century), in which the Harmony commences with Jn. i. 1, and not as Victor's with Lc. i. 1. The arrangement often differs both from Victor's and from that of the Arabic Tatian, and there are points at which it certainly preserves features of the original Diatessaron which are lost in Victor's Codex. Its text is Hieronymian.

The other MS. is a German Harmony of the fourteenth century, which has hitherto been regarded as ultimately based, like the St. Gall one published by Sievers, on the *Codex Fuldensis*. Dr. Zahn shows that it has an independent value. It stands nearer to the *Codex Fuldensis* than does the Latin MS. above mentioned, but it has important differences in which it is supported by the Arabic and Ephrem's Commentary. It opens with Jn. i. 1—5; Lc. i. 5—80; Mt. i. 1—18; i. 18—25; Lc. ii. 1—40. Thus it has not got Lc. i. 1—4, nor the insertion of Lc. iii. 34—37 before Mt. i. 17; both of which are features of *Codex Fuldensis*.

Last October I examined a MS. in the Cambridge University Library, of which I give the following (abbreviated) description from the Catalogue: Dd. xii. 35. 12mo, parchment, 74 leaves, about cent. xvi. (1) ff. 1 to 59, *A Harmony of the Gospels in Dutch*. Begins: "In denne beginne was dat wort. . . ." Ends: ". . . hare warde met nae volghenden teyken. Amen." (2) ff. 60 to 74, *Prayers and a Litany* also in Dutch.

As I knew that Dr. Zahn was on the track of an earlier Latin form of Tatian, I waited to see whether his Latin MS. might not throw a light on this Dutch Harmony, which, for a person unskilled in the language, is not easy to read. I now find to my surprise that, while it has nothing to do with his Latin Harmony, it tallies exactly with his German one, and ought certainly to be printed simultaneously with that. The German Harmony is suspected by Dr. Zahn of later modifications at certain points—e.g., in the introduction of "Tabor" in Mt. xxviii. 16, and in certain added matter at the close. Both of these modifications are absent from the Dutch Harmony, which may therefore at other points preserve an earlier tradition. Unfortunately the MS. of the Dutch Harmony is imperfect, having lost, as Mr. Bradshaw's pencilled note shows, about five quires in the centre after Lc. vii. 13 and before

Jn. x. 22. What remains, however, is no inconsiderable portion of the whole, and certainly deserves attention.

One reading I may note as of special interest. In Mt. i. 25 Ephrem's Commentary gives us as the reading of the Diatessaron, "He dwelt with her in purity until she brought forth the first-born," and this interesting paraphrase of *oīkē dīwōnē abītē* is found also in the Curetonian Syriac; but no further evidence of it is cited. The Dutch Harmony has "ēn hielte si in hoede bis si ghebarē eerē eerē ghebarē son," i.e., "and he kept her in watch (or care, or safety: German *hut*) until," &c. This may be the independent paraphrase of a translator; but it may be a modified survival of the reading of the Diatessaron. It would be interesting to learn what the German Harmony has at this point.

J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON.

P.S. (March 8).—Since I wrote the above, my attention has been called by the Master of Clare College to another Dutch Harmony, published by G. J. Meijer in 1835, under the title "Het Leven van Jezu." This has very much in common with the MS. of which I have spoken. It appears to me to be an independent translation of the same Latin Harmony, with various modifications and glosses introduced by the translator, who justifies this mode of treatment in his preface. Mt. i. 25, where the interesting reading above mentioned occurs, is entirely omitted, perhaps from a sense that something was wrong with the text. But I have observed two readings of exceptional interest. At Lc. i. 27, we read, "Dese man en dese magt waren beide van Davids ghelechte." That a sentence to this effect occurred in the Diatessaron is made certain by Ephr. Comm. in *Diat.* 16 (Moes.), where we have, "Concerning Joseph and Mary, that they were both of the house of David." Compare Aphrathat, p. 472, l. 20 (Wright), p. 388 (Bert's translation): "As it is written that Joseph and Mary, his wife, were both of the house of David." And in Ephrem's Commentary on the Pauline Epistles, 2 Tim. ii. 8 (p. 260 of the new Latin translation): "Either that which is said concerning Mary and Joseph, that they were both of the house of David." It seems scarcely likely that the appearance of these words in the Dutch harmony is due to the gloss of the Dutch translator. The MS. Harmony has the ordinary reading here.

Again, in Mc. x. 21 Ephrem, Comm. 171-173, quotes more than once the words, "He looked on him with love," and this reading (instead of " beholding him loved him") has also the support of Aphrathat. In Meijer's Harmony at p. 129 we read, "Doe sach Ich lieflee op hem." It is hard to believe that this is merely accidental coincidence. The MS. Harmony is defective at this point.

I have said enough to show that these various relics of the Latin form of Tatian deserve fuller investigation. Such an investigation should not lose sight of Clement of Llanthony's Harmony, of which there is one MS. in the University Library and another in Pembroke College Library. It is probable that Clement based his work on this older Latin Tatian, though he has changed the order a good deal, and elaborated the details throughout with extraordinary minuteness, so as to show to which Evangelist every word belongs.

J. A. R.

#### THE ETYMOLOGY OF "BURLY."

Cambridge: March 15, 1894.

The etymology of the English adjective "burly" is unknown. In the New English Dictionary, Dr. Murray practically gives it up, remarking that "no plausible etymon for the first element has yet been found." However,

he identifies it with the provincial English "bowerly," which is duly explained.

Here, then, is the solution. It is merely a compound of "bower," with the suffix *-ly*, as I now proceed to explain. The Anglo-Saxon form of "bower" was *bōr*. If the long *u* be retained, the modern English form comes out as "bowerly," thus accounting for one of the forms. But it frequently happened that the long *u* was shortened by accentual stress or by a double consonant following. Examples are seen in "Thursday," "southern," "hustings," "dust," "rust," "husband," "thumb," "utter" (as a comparative adjective), "busk" (to get oneself ready). In all these cases the original vowel was long *u*; whereas the modern sound is the modern short unrounded *u*. Hence the Anglo-Saxon form "*būrlī*" would produce "burly," with vowel-shortening, with perfect regularity. And inasmuch as the said Anglo-Saxon form would thus produce both the modern forms, it is obvious that there is a strong probability that we are here on the right track.

But Dr. Murray rightly draws attention to the Middle English *bōrlī*, and says that it is difficult to reconcile this with the modern forms. This is true; but the difficulty is not great. It all arises from the well-known habit of the Anglo-French scribes, who used the symbol *o* to denote the short *u*; and who thus introduced an element of great confusion, which, in a dozen cases or more, is extremely puzzling. Dr. Sweet has pointed out how commonly this occurs when the short *u* adjoins *m* or *n*; so that, to this day, instead of writing *munk*, *huney*, *wunder*, *tung*, we all have to write "monk," "honey," "wonder," and "tongue," though the symbol *o* never indicated a short *o* at any time in the history of these words.

Now the same scribes frequently did the very same thing when short *u* occurred before *r*. Examples will be found in Stratmann, where the forms *further*, *corser*, *torf*, *scorf*, *spornen*, *tornen*, *tortel* correspond, as a matter of course, to the modern "further," "curse" "turf," "scurf," "spurn," "turn," "turtle." Hence the Middle English forms of "burly" should be *būrlī* and *borlī*; or, if the *u* be long, *bōrlī*. These forms, *būrlī*, *borlī*, and *bōrlī*, are precisely the forms that are found. This is a further indication that we are on the right track; and I thus establish my first thesis—viz., that the supposed Anglo-Saxon "*būrlī*" gives an etymology which satisfies all phonetic requirements.

But how about the sense? Here, again, I see no great difficulty. A bower (see New English Dictionary) was, usually, a lady's chamber or private apartment; and "bowerly," or "burly," meant, originally, suitable for such an apartment: cf. "homely." King Solomon was, we read, "a *borlī* [v.r. *būrlī*] bachelere," i.e., a bachelor suitable for a lady's bower, a handsome, presentable man. In the *Morte Arthure* we find that some one is to "greet well the queen and all the *burly* birds (handsome ladies) that belong to her bower." Can anything be more suitable?

In Rauf Coilyear, there is a most telling quotation. We there read of "a *burly* bed," i.e., a bed suitable for a lady's bed-room. Once more, I ask, can anything be more suitable?

The various developments really present no great difficulty. The modern "bowerly" is well defined as meaning "stately and comely." Such a woman adorns her own boudoir. A knight is "burly," if he is handsome, presentable, young, strong, valiant, goodly, comely, noble, and the like. The sense, like that of "stout," easily degenerates into large and corpulent. I need not enlarge upon this, as I believe there is nothing that a careful man cannot easily work out for himself, from the hints that I have given.

The fact is that Dr. Murray had not all the evidence before him. There is more to be got under the form "unburly," which is, in fact, the word that gave me the clue. In Rauf Coilyear (l. 807) we read of a knight riding on a camel, which is described as being "unburly, broad, and over high." Here "unburly" actually seems to mean "small," whereas this huge creature was "broad and over high." Yet he was "unburly" enough, being ugly, unhandsome, and unpresentable; not at all the creature suitable for a lady's bower. When all the quotations for "unburly" are duly worked out, I think the last difficulty in the way of the proposed etymology will disappear.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

#### MR. SLATER'S "EARLY EDITIONS."

Dundee: March 3, 1894.

There must be a general feeling of disappointment with this book, more especially as book-collectors—amateur and professional—looked for a work of real value from one whose reputation stands so high as an authority on the auction value of books. The author admits that he is not himself a collector, but a fair inference from the whole is that he intended his book to be a guide to collectors. He, in many instances, gives elaborate descriptions of the outsides, and minute collations of the insides, which go to support this inference. But if this work was worth doing, it was worth doing well; and it is on the crucial test of accuracy that the value of his work will stand or fall. I do not profess to have examined every chapter, but I have "sampled" it sufficiently to come to a very decided opinion as to its value to book-collectors, and I propose to give a few "samples." It is, perhaps, another fair inference that Mr. Slater has got a great amount of his data at second-hand: not being a collector, he has been indebted to others for his information, and not being able, of his own knowledge, to check this information, he has committed himself to statements, many of which will not bear examination.

Taking the chapter which deals with the writings of Mr. Andrew Lang, we soon come to this sentence (p. 151): "Another introductory essay, from Bolland and Lang's *Politics*, appears in the edition of the *Politics of Aristotle*, published by Longmans in 1886." As it stands, this reads very like nonsense, although the "Lang" collector may surmise that it is a distorted reference to the separate publication, in 1886, of Mr. Lang's Introductory Essay which first appeared in "Bolland and Lang's Aristotle" (1877). The same sentence continues "and in 1879 Messrs. S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang translated [rather, published their translation of] the *Odyssey*, another edition of which appeared in 1887." The novice would not learn from such a statement that "another edition" was really the *seventh* of a deservedly successful book.

Coming now to the detailed list:

(No. 1) *Ballads and Lyrics* is described as "bound in white parchment"; while in the next paragraph "good copies in the original cloth" serves but to puzzle the reader, who, however, may safely decide to look for *cloth*. The pagination also is slightly incorrect.

(No. 2) *Oxford*. "Value about £4" can have reference only to large-paper copies, though Mr. Slater leaves the point in doubt. The same remark applies to the 1889 edition of *Theocritus* (No. 3).

(No. 7) *The Library*. "Those [illustrations] of bindings are printed in colours in the large paper copies"—and in the small paper copies as well.

(No. 12) *Ballades and Verses Vain*. This being a New York publication and therefore not often met with in this country, it was

right to give a description of it, provided it were a correct description. Unfortunately such is not the case. The pagination is given as "3-165" while even page 1 is numbered in the book. Where Mr. Slater says "from verses previously unprinted and not collated" [whatever that may mean], the book says "from verses previously imprinted or not collected"—a very different thing. Again, "after title follows 'Table of Contents' (on four unnumbered pages)" is inaccurate in two respects "Contents" (not "Table of") appears on p. iii. and the other three pages are duly numbered iv.-vi.

In passing over (No. 15) *The Mark of Cain*, it is enough to remark that large paper copies were published at 5s. each, not 1s. 6d.

(No. 16) *Lines on the Inaugural Meeting of the Shelley Society*. In reading the minute collation of this pamphlet, one wonders whence Mr. Slater got it. There were only thirty copies printed (this information is not given), and it is therefore very unlikely that the copies differed from one another to the extent that Mr. Slater's differs from the copy before me. He says it is "stitched in green paper wrappers"; my copy is in original boards of a pale blue colour. From the two collations following it may be inferred that some one has blundered, or that, both being correct, Mr. Slater's is not a sure guide:—

Mr. Slater's.	Mike.
Blank leaf.	Fyleaf, blank.
Blank leaf.	1st page, "The Shelley Society" half-title.
Title.	2nd " blank.
Half-title.	3rd " blank.
Second half-title.	4th " certificate of copies printed.
Prefatory note ix. x.	5th " title-page.
Third half - title	6th " blank.
("Lines").	
Text, pp. 13-19.	7th " Prefatory note half-title.
	8th " blank.
9th and 10th pp.	Prefatory note.
	11th page, "Lines" half-title.
	12th " blank.
13th-19th pp.	The Shelley Society.

After which the collation is fairly correct. It may be urged that all this is of no importance, and perhaps it is not; but as Mr. Slater has taken the trouble to print his collation, it is to be presumed he thought it worth while to do so.

In leaving the chapter on Mr. Lang's books I have to say, deliberately, that it positively bristles with errors and misstatements, and is nearly worthless as a guide to collectors. Mr. Slater is apparently ignorant of Mr. Lang's *introuvables*, a list of which would have been a real gain to the volume.

Dipping now into the Thackeray chapter, we come to No. 38, "Thackerayana" (p. 333), and read, "This work . . . was suppressed as infringing copyright in certain particulars, and, though issued with alterations, no variation is observable in the title-page." Having a genuine copy of each issue (1874 and 1875) before me, I notice at once—

(a) "Notes & Anec- (b) "Notes and Anec-  
dotes" dotes"  
(a) "Illustrated by nearly (b) "Illustrated by Hun-  
Six Hundred Sketches" dred of Sketches"  
(a) "Chatto and Windus" (b) "Chatto & Windus"  
besides which the careful collator would "note" seven punctuations more in the (b) than in the (a).

The note to No. 36 (*The Student's Quarter*), p. 332, does not show much knowledge of Thackeray's works: "Published in cloth, . . . with coloured illustrations, but whether by Thackeray or not is uncertain." If the writer had turned up his (b) "Thackerayana," he would probably have found that the illustrations in both books were identical, and that

they are "signed" by the well-known "Spec-tacles." At any rate, they are so in the copies before me.

C. M. FALCONER.

[If it be thought that Mr. Falconer's notes relate only to the "mint, anise, and cummin" of bibliography, we venture to append two blunders in the book in question which seem to show real ignorance of literary history.

(1) Of Rossetti's *Poems* Mr. Slater writes (p. 218):—

"In 1881 a third edition of these poems appeared, the contents being almost, though not quite, the same as those of the edition of 1870. A few poems were omitted; and one or two others added."

The truth is: that from the new (not third) edition of 1881 were omitted, not only the entire sonnet-sequence entitled "The House of Life"—No. V. of which has never been reprinted, at least in this country—but also seven sonnets in the closing section; while, on the other hand, there were added "The Bride's Prelude"—extending to fifty-seven pages—three other poems in the first section, and three translations from the Italian; and, moreover, the entire contents were rearranged in a manner most confusing for comparison. The broad facts are stated in the Advertisement to the new edition, though it is there implied that all the sonnets of "The House of Life" reappeared in the contemporaneous volume of *Ballads and Sonnets*.

(2) With regard to the famous first series of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, Mr. Slater tells us (p. 292) that "it was suppressed by the author." Is it necessary to say that, on the withdrawal of this book by Moxon, it was immediately re-issued in the same style by John Camden Hotten, with no other change than the correction of a Greek misprint?

The entire treatment of Tennyson is grossly inadequate. We must be content to mention (on the authority of the *New York Critic*) that the original MS. of *Poems by Two Brothers* has already returned to this country.—J. S. C.]

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

THURSDAY, March 29, 8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: Discussion, "Parallel Working through Long Lines," by Mr. W. M. Mordey; "A Universal Shunt Box for Galvanometers," "Transparent Conducting Screens for Electric and other Apparatus" and "An Astatic Station Voltmeter," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton and Mr. T. Mather; "The Best Resistance for the Receiving Instrument with a Leaky Telegraph Line," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton and Mr. C. S. Whitehead.

FRIDAY, March 30, 8 p.m. Amateur Scientist: "The Ascent of Water in Trees," by Mr. L. A. Boddie; "The Occurrence of Gold in Eruptive Rocks from South Africa," by Mr. G. Holbrook; "Some Facts about Parasitism and Kindred Phenomena in Plants," by Mr. J. Reeves.

SATURDAY, March 31, 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Fortnightly Meeting.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Yoruba-Speaking Peoples of the Slave Coast of West Africa.* By Col. A. B. Ellis. (Chapman & Hall.)

No writer has done better work in the field of African ethnology than Col. Ellis, whose brief but brilliant military and literary career was abruptly terminated at Teneriffe on March 5 of the present year. He had been removed to this place after his successful expedition against the Sofas, of whom so much has been heard of late, in the hope that the change might enable him to recover from the fever contracted during that arduous campaign. But the disease could not be shaken off by a constitution debilitated by some years of active service in the enervating climate of West Africa; and by the death of Col. Ellis, still in the

prime of life, England loses a valiant and skilful captain, and anthropological science one of its ablest exponents in recent times.

Of his numerous writings—*West African Sketches*, *South African Sketches*, *The Land of Fetish*, *West African Islands*, *History of the First West India Regiment*, *History of the Gold Coast*, *The Tshi-Speaking Peoples of the Gold Coast*, *The Ehwe-Speaking Peoples of the Slave Coast*, *The Yoruba-Speaking Peoples of the Slave Coast*—the last three are by far the most important, entitling the author to rank among those rare students of primitive man, such as Logan, Bleek, Dalton, Bastian, im Thurn, Schweinfurth, Junker, whose writings, based on original observation, have thrown real light on the beginnings and growth of human culture. These three works, one of which, *The Tshi-Speaking Peoples*, was somewhat fully noticed in the ACADEMY of January 28, 1888, form a sort of trilogy, in which the three great ethnical groups of Upper Guinea serve as the theme of so many object lessons on the origin and development of religious and social institutions among some of the most typical members of the negro race. The lessons in this instance are all the more instructive that the three groups themselves—Ashanti and others of Tshi speech, Dahomeans of Ehwe speech, and Egbas and others of Yoruba speech—undoubtedly spring from a common stock, and speak languages belonging to the same linguistic family; while all three represent different stages of culture, progressively advancing from the rude Ashantis in the west, through the somewhat less barbarous Dahomeans in the centre, to the relatively semi-civilised Yorubas in the east. Their comparative study thus affords an excellent opportunity, of which the author takes full advantage, to study the lines that religion and society may take in their upward development.

The general conclusions are singularly instructive, and are on the whole in accord with those that other observers have arrived at, especially as regards the origin and growth of religious beliefs, and the constitution of the social community in its evolution from the clan through the tribe to the nation. Thus Col. Ellis, like Mr. im Thurn, traces to the influence of dreams the first notions of primitive man on spirit life, immortality, and cloud-land beyond the grave. In the first stage, as among the peoples of Tshi speech, all nature is believed to be animated: every conspicuous object in the environment has its indwelling spirit, analogous to the indwelling spirit of man himself, the existence of which is proved to the savage mind by the fact that during sleep it wanders from the body to great distances, passes through many adventures, and for the time being lives a life apart. But some of the objects, such as the thunder-storm, the sea, the rapids, sharks, crocodiles, are dangerous and destructive, while others are harmless; consequently, the indwelling spirits of the former are to be dreaded as more powerful than that of man, and must be propitiated by acceptable offerings. These spirits, begotten of fear, thus take high rank, and with them are associated those of the departed who were

also powerful and dangerous in life. Thus arise nature-worship and ancestry worship, the lines between which it is often difficult to draw, for both have had a common origin.

Then comes the next stage, transitional in Ehwe-land, more fully developed in Yorubaland, in which the indwelling spirit, for the convenience of worship, becomes embodied in an image or *simulacrum*, whereby the tie is weakened between the god and the object he animates. The object itself falls more and more into the background, and the personality of the god becomes more pronounced, as the image, made of the material obtained from his habitat, is moved about, set up in the public place, enshrined in an enclosure, tended by special ministers. Thus arise temples, priests, regular sacrifices, and ceremonial rites.

Then the time comes when, as already for the most part in Yorubaland, the original nature of the god, as an indwelling spirit of a natural object, or as the spirit of some formerly dreaded chief, is entirely forgotten, and he becomes a god pure and simple: that is, an abstraction associated with myths and legendary lore.

"Let us imagine that the inhabitants of a village who have been in the habit of worshipping the indwelling spirit of a precipitous cliff in the neighbourhood, find it more convenient if they were to bring him into the village. They accordingly make a figure of clay taken from the cliff, and set it up in the village in a miniature hut erected for its protection. This hut then becomes the sacred place, as the sacrifices and sacred dances are performed before it, instead of, as heretofore, at the cliff. Generations are born and die, and are succeeded by others, all of which have been accustomed to perform religious ceremonies before the miniature hut; and the inevitable result is that, sooner or later, the connexion of the god with the cliff, of which he was the animating principle, is completely lost sight of, and he is regarded as the tutelar deity of the village, pure and simple" (*Yoruba*, p. 280).

Thus we see how the religions of primitive man are not degraded forms of a higher revelation, but upward growths which gradually acquire the sanction of such a revelation, partly through fraud, partly through the mystic element inherent in human nature. It is also seen that these religions arise out of the whole complexity of man and his surroundings, and not merely through a solar myth, or through a few forgotten etymologies, all necessarily later developments.

Equally instructive are the remarks on kinship, inheritance through the female and male lines, matriarchal and patriarchal institutions, origin and evolution of the clan system, and its final fusion through the tribe in the nation. Here also the progress has been from west to east; and while the clan, based on uterine ties and descent through the mother, still persists in the Tshi, and to some extent in the Ehwe group, inheritance through the father, with a corresponding expansion of the tribe, already prevails among the Yoruba peoples.

"Among the Yoruba tribes the blood-tie between father and child has been recognised; and the result of this recognition has been the

inevitable downfall of the clan-system, which is only possible so long as descent is traced solely on one side of the house, as may be readily shown. Since two persons of the same clan-name may, under the clan-system, never marry, it follows that husband and wife must be of different clans. Let us say that one is a Dog and the other a Leopard. The clan-name is extended to all who are of the same blood; therefore, directly the blood-relationship between father and child comes to be acknowledged, the children of such a pair as we have supposed, instead of being, as heretofore, simply Leopards, would be Dog-Leopards, and would belong to two clans. They in their turn might marry with persons similarly belonging to two clans, say Cat-Snakes, and the offspring of these unions would belong to four clans. The clan-system thus becomes altogether unworkable, because, as the number of clans is limited and cannot be added to, if the clan-name still remained the test of blood-relationship and a bar to marriage, the result in a few generations would be that no marriage would be possible. Consequently, the clan-name ceases to be the test of consanguinity, kinship is traced in some other way, and the clan-system disappears. The Yorubas have adopted what appears to have been the usual course, and blood-relationship is now traced both on the father's and on the mother's side as far as it can be remembered, and marriage within the known circle of consanguinity is forbidden" (*Yoruba*, p. 176).

There is a great deal of linguistic matter in this series, but by a regrettable oversight much of this will be of little use to the philologist. The languages of all the groups under consideration are largely monosyllabic, most words being in fact reducible to a limited number of primitive verbal monosyllables, answering to the "roots" of Sanskrit grammarians, and by the author regarded as such. But so far from being roots in the sense implied, these monosyllables are the outcome of profound phonetic decay, as is evident from the large number of homonyms distinguished in the spoken language by their proper intonation. In fact, the Upper Guinea, like the Indo-Chinese and for the same reason, are strictly toned languages, in which the tonic element is of primary importance, and should be indicated by diacritical marks of some kind. Unfortunately, little attention has been paid to this essential feature, and no attempt at all has been made to distinguish the tones, of which there are at least four, probably more. Thus, in the list of Yoruba verbal monosyllables, *ro* has six entries, to which are assigned about a dozen different meanings (to excite, sound, tell, wrong, drip, write, crash, rain, &c.), but not a single discriminating mark of any kind. Apart from this serious drawback, the grammatical data will be found useful in comparing the Upper Guinea languages with those of the surrounding Sudanese populations. There are also collections of Yoruba proverbs and folk-lore, some of which betray a considerable degree of natural shrewdness.

A. H. KEANE.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

WE have received the first number of *Science Progress*: a monthly review of current scientific investigation, which is published by the Scientific Press, at 428, Strand. It opens with a characteristic article, by Prof. Fitzgerald, of

Dublin, indicating the directions in which the future advance of physics may be expected to throw light upon the problems of other sciences. Mr. W. J. Rodger states the new theory of solutions, or osmotic pressure, founded by Van 't Hoff. Next follows a more popular article, by Mr. W. Botting Hemsley, of Kew, summarising the latest facts with regard to insular floras. Very interesting is his account of the new flora that grew up on Krakatoa within three years after the eruption, and the statement that the flora of Ceylon exhibits much stronger Malayan affinities than that of the Indian peninsula. Mr. A. C. Seward, of St. John's, Cambridge, summarises in a similar way the latest discoveries of fossil plants, in support of the importance of palaeo-botany. Dr. G. A. Buckmaster, of St. George's Hospital, writes on the origin and nature of certain bacterial poisons. In the next article, which is perhaps the most striking of all, Prof. Howes, of the Royal College of Science, emphasises the reaction against the excessive importance attached but a little while ago to comparative embryology, and points out how promising is the outlook of vertebrate morphology on the old lines. (We may remark, however, that the last term we should ourselves have thought of applying to the mammalian remains lately discovered in America is that of "a galaxy"). Finally, Prof. Haliburton, of King's College, summarises recent research on chemical physiology, or physiological chemistry.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE March number of the *Classical Review* (David Nutt) opens with an article by the Headmaster of Westminster, entitled "A New Fount of Greek Type." No one will deny the exceeding ugliness of the Greek type almost universally used in England at the present day, about whose pedigree we should like more information. Is it true that it represents the handwriting of Porson, as the Aldine type represented that of the fugitives from Byzantium? Mr. Rutherford speaks well of the Greek type used in Holland; we have ourselves been better pleased with some of the many varieties used in Greece itself. But Mr. Rutherford's chief object is to introduce an entirely new fount, which has been specially designed for his forthcoming edition of the *Scholia of Aristophanes*. The designer is Mr. Selwyn Image, of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse*, who has based himself on the square semi-uncial calligraphy of the tenth century. As an artistic experiment, it is very interesting; but we must suspend our judgment, before recommending universal adoption. We are again struck by the large proportion of theological matter in the *Classical Review*. Dr. Edwin A. Abbott contends that the verse—"Forty-and-six years was this temple in building" (John ii. 20)—refers not to the temple of Herod, but to that of Ezra; Mr. E. N. Bennett reviews the "Apocrypha Anecdota" of Mr. James, specially referring to the passage in the *Acta Philippi*, which seems to throw light on the talking cross in the Gospel of Peter; and Mr. A. Robertson draws attention to the Studies of Dr. Loofs on the so-called "Sacra Parallela." In philology proper, Mr. G. Dunn propounds an original explanation of the long sonants; Prof. A. N. Jaunaris shows that *νερό*, the modern Greek word for "water," is simply a phonetic modification of *νεαρόν* = "fresh"; and Mr. W. R. Paton, writing from Asia Minor, suggests why classical *νύν* = a spring has come to mean a "well," in its modern form of *νηνά*. Under archaeology, there are three articles: Mr. W. E. Heitland argues, against Diodorus and Freeman, that the city quarter of Syracuse, known as Tyche, did not exist before the Athenian siege; Mr. Edward Capps, of Chicago,

criticises a German treatise on the vexed question of the early Greek stage; and Mr. Cecil Smith reviews an important work by Hartwig on Greek vase-s, with special reference to the evidence afforded by the names of the painters and the use of the word *καλός*.

## REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Feb. 24)

MISS LOUISA MARY DAVIES, president, in the chair.—Mr. Arthur S. Way read a paper on "The Sacred Drama in England." Amid all the dispraise so often heaped upon the medieval monkish orders, it is well to remember that they were not so far aloof from the world as to disregard the spiritual darkness of the common folk, or so lacking in worldly wisdom as to miss the most effective method of communicating such light as they possessed. In an age when books were, for the general public, practically non-existent, when the speech of the common people was a jargon strange to consecrated lips, and the universal language of the clergy was an unknown tongue to their flocks, there was a real danger that the communication of religious instruction might be regarded as impracticable; and it speaks well for the inventiveness and enterprise of the good fathers that they devised and elaborated a method of imparting spiritual enlightenment which made the average artisan of the middle ages more familiar with Biblical incidents and personages than are thousands of working-men in this nineteenth century. The miracle plays date back to within a few years of the Norman Conquest. These representations, which were multiplied fast during the succeeding hundred years, were at first confined to the inside of the churches, and seem to have been adjuncts to the service of the liturgy. The Nativity, the Passion, the Resurrection, were thus as *tableaux vivants* made real to the perceptions of the worshippers. Then in the churchyard, afterwards in the street, lastly in the town-meadows, the scaffolding was set up for the unfolding of the ecclesiastical pageants. The dialogue was at first in Latin, with an occasional refrain in the vernacular. Preliminary and concurrent explanations were given by the "Expositor," which, with the action and gestures of the performers, made it all at least as intelligible to our unlettered ancestors as are the Greek and Latin plays at our universities and public schools, at which throngs of gentle ladies and honest citizens are now wont to be present, with much apparent appreciation, not to say edification. Early in the fourteenth century, the miracle plays were commonly represented to the people in their own tongue. Then the representations passed out of the hands of the clergy, though the plays were doubtless still composed by monkish scribes. The trade guilds of the large towns had taken them up, and exerted themselves to the utmost to produce them with a magnificence which had the effect of attracting the country-folk, labourers, yeomen, and gentry from around by thousands, so that the city of the celebration became a huge fair. To obviate inconvenient crowding of the spectators, the pageant was performed in travelling sections, the triple stages representing Heaven, Earth, and Hell, mounted on wheels, following each other round the town, and stopping at definite points for the performance. No expense was spared: guild vied with guild in the magnificence, the upholstery, the decoration, the costuming of the special pageant allotted to it. As for the dialogue, it was by no means so crude and bald as might be hastily inferred by the ordinary reader of the literary history of those primitive times. The composers recognised—made it a cardinal principle, we might say—that the audience must be interested and amused. Solemn as were the themes, neither sacred actors nor profane beholders would accept any necessary affinity between solemnity and boredom. The childish and straightforward art of those old monkish dramatists felt no repugnance in following with strict literal accuracy every circumstance, recorded or inferred, of the original narrative which they dramatised; and the simple faith of their audience saw no impropriety in the introduction of the most sacred or awful supernatural beings. The drama, generally written in octo-

syllabic verse (especially affecting the metre of Chaucer's *Rime of Sir Thopas*), though abounding in anachronisms and absurdities both of character and dialogue, sometimes contains passages of simple and natural pathos, sometimes scenes which must have affected the uncritical beholders with high-wrought reverence and awe, or with the deepest horror; and, on the other hand, they are often relieved by bursts of the broadest comedy. Of the three elements of dramatic success—brilliant staging, spirited acting, and effective diction—we have seen that the first was amply secured. Of the second, we have evidence in Chaucer and other writers that the actors performed their parts *en amore*. As for the diction of the plays, if we were to say that much of it compares favourably with a great deal that seems to go down with modern audiences, we should be well within bounds. It is, of course, archaic and rude in versification; yet as a vehicle for the vigorous homespun wit, the simple pathos, the insight into human nature, the keen appreciation of what will tickle the audience, it is marvellously good. There is a swing and go, a perception of melody, a lavish richness of rhyme in the short, swiftly-rushing lines, which recalls the best work of Skelton, and the effect of which can be realised by one who calls to mind the immense success attained through precisely similar metrical effects in the "Gilbert comic operas" of to-day. That our forefathers took all these representations in serious good faith is evidenced by the manifest traces of them in medieval literature and art. Symonds has pointed out that the miracle plays provided in some sense an education for the Elizabethan dramatists and their audiences; it is, however, somewhat remarkable that so few attempts were made to re-cast the old themes in the new moulds. Greene's "Looking Glass for London and England" (a dramatisation of the story of Jonah) and Peele's "David and Bethsabe," seem to be, if not the only specimens of Elizabethan sacred drama, at least all that have escaped the limbo of oblivion. Peele's is by far superior to the other, and perhaps superior to the rest of Peele's work. Yet it cannot be claimed that his success was such as to encourage others to essay a similar task. To treat such a subject adequately, so that, while dramatic interest is maintained, the reader should not be struck with the falling off from the simplicity and majesty of the Scripture narrative, would require high poetic genius, a mind saturated with the spirit of the psalmists and prophets, and a reverent touch like that of Milton. Peele possessed none of these; his work was a mere literary essay, embellished with glowing description, fanciful images, and turgid declamation; but no character really lives, unless, by a paradox, we except that of Absalom when he dies. Peele made no second attempt, nor does it seem that any of his contemporaries tried their hands at a similar theme. From what had seemed so easy to a host of authors during the pre-Reformation period, the contemporaries of Shakspere shrank as from a hopeless task. The very cause which might have been expected to kindle them to the task, acted as a deterrent; for it had created, what previously had no existence—a critical audience, an audience whom no faults in treatment, no errors of taste in this special department of literature, would escape, and whose criticism would probably have taken a mercilessly practical form. And, owing to the popularity of the recently issued translation of the Bible, the dramatist could in the matter of religious instruction impart nothing to an audience saturated with Biblical lore; and his resources of diction would be severely strained to improve upon the habitual speech, the natural language of devotion and of high-wrought feeling, of many of those who might be present. Before the splendour of the risen sun, the flickering lamps of miracle play and morality straightway died down, and the poets felt how futile would be the attempt to kindle new torches. Both on literary and on ethical grounds a revival of the sacred drama was impossible. On literary grounds; for to recreate the characters of sacred story, in all the depth and earnestness of their humanity, in all the height of their heroism and their sanctity, to set forth worthily the truly human in their weakness, the divine in their upward strivings, and at the same

time to endue them with such sublime simplicity of speech, such unearthly music of utterance, as should not seem incongruous with the model that was now in all men's hands, should not make a discord with the harmonies that now rang in all men's ears, was a task from which a Shakspere or a Milton might well have shrunk. It was impossible on ethical grounds; for the people were so impressed with the loftiness of the sacred ideals, the priests were so jealous of profane hands touching the ark, the whole surroundings and associations of the new theatre were so out of keeping in the eyes at least of the more serious part of the community, that the attempt would to many have seemed like desecration. At the best it would only have been tolerated, and would have been felt to be superfluous. The nation was teaching itself, and had, moreover, no lack of spiritual guides; and the dramatists, with true literary and ethical instinct, turned to themes to which mortals might hope to do justice, to fields where their presence would be unchallenged. It was a hundred years before Milton essayed to walk in that charmed circle. In majesty and melody of utterance, in reverence of spirit, in saintliness of soul, he was qualified for the mighty venture; but in the dramatic instinct, the unerring touch which can make the past live again, in the clear vision which "sees life steadily and sees it whole," he was deficient. His "Paradise Lost" is like a glorified, etherealised, miracle play; but since Satan is its hero, and our first parents shadowy puppets by comparison, since Hell is made the scene of greatness in calamity, and the way in Heaven a burlesque, we cannot regard it as a solution of the problem. Nor was "Samson Agonistes" calculated to inaugurate a sacred drama. It reads like a transcript from Euripides; it is a noble copy from the antique, it reminds us of the statue of Jupiter Olympus which medieval piety renamed Peter the Apostle; it is a sacred poem, but not a play; not the morning star of new day for the drama, but rather a Hesperus reflecting the light of a long-set sun. Milton failed and Shakspere stood aloof; and till a poet shall arise who combines the gifts of Shakspere and Milton, we are not likely to see a sacred drama at once worthy of its origin and commensurate with our preconceptions of the necessary conditions. Should the Titan appear, it will be but a transient glory, for he could not found a "school."—Mr. Leo H. Grindon, in a paper which dealt with the figurative language and the botanical allusions in "David and Bethsabe," said that figures different from those of our ordinary colloquial speech are exceedingly rare in the drama, and that the botanical allusions consist only of citations or adaptions of a few Old Testament trees—the cedar, the olive, the almond, the oak, and the mulberry. "Oak" ought to be "terebinth," the Hebrew being *elah*, not *allon*; and "mulberry" ought to be "poplars," the Hebrew being *bekhaim*.

VICTORIA INSTITUTE.—(Monday, March 19)

SIR G. G. STOKES, president, in the chair.—A paper by Dr. Prestwich, on "A Possible Cause for the Origin of the Tradition of the Flood," was read by Prof. Rupert Jones. The paper described at considerable length the various phenomena which came under the author's observation during long years of geological research throughout Europe and the coasts of the Mediterranean. He concluded by giving the reasons why he considered that these were only explicable upon the hypothesis of a widespread and short submergence of continental dimensions, followed by early re-elevation; and this hypothesis satisfied all the important conditions of the problem. The age of man was held to be divided into palaeolithic and neolithic, and he considered rightly so. He concluded by saying that thus there seemed cause for the origin of the widespread tradition of a flood.—A communication was also read from Sir W. Dawson, who welcomed the paper as confirming his conclusion, come to on geological and palaeontological grounds, as to a physical break in the anthropic age. The evidence for this was afforded by the cave remains and from a vast number of other sources.—A discussion ensued, in which Dr. Woodward, Prof. T. R. Jones, Prof. T. McK. Hughes, Dr. E. Hull, and Sir Henry Howorth took part.

## FINE ART.

## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.

THIS year the society of original engravers, known at present under the name which heads my notice, opens an exhibition large, creditable, and sufficiently varied. The show, besides including a great array of interesting work wrought with the etching needle and *aqua forte*, permits to us the sight of here and there an aquatint, here and there a mezzotint, here and there an original engraving in line, such as those wonderful book-plates by Mr. Sherborn, whose praises I have been sounding these many years, by reason of the fact that not only is the technical quality of his work unique, but his taste in design of the finest. Lithography alone has now to be added to the possible exhibits of the society, for it to include substantially every form of autographic art that is dependent upon the printer—dependent upon him, I mean, not only for its multiplication and diffusion, but for its very existence in the completed phase in we can recognise and enjoy it. For until the printer has come upon the scene—the man with the printing-press, that is, whether he be the servant of the artist or the artist himself—neither line-engraving, etching, aquatint, mezzotint, nor lithograph can reach the point at which it fittingly engages the attention of the amateur. This thing at least they have in common, all these different and so interesting arts.

It would be unreasonable, perhaps, to expect that every year the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers should distinguish itself by the revelation of some new and striking talent: enough if but occasionally it presents to us the work of some new artist of skill. We count more regularly upon noting a progress in the work of men whose names are already familiar to the students of their art. Of English exhibitors, perhaps Mr. Oliver Hall is the etcher whose progress is this year most visible, though Mr. D. J. Cameron (hitherto, indeed, industrious and careful, but somewhat imitative) runs him hard; while, among the few foreigners who send, M. Helleu makes himself remarked and most justly admired. Mr. Hall's prints (which, albeit independent in detail, owe something, one supposes, in their general effect to a study of Mr. Seymour Haden) deal in the main with the ordinary rural landscape of England. Most of his subjects might have been discovered within twenty-five miles of the capital, in a broad belt, just beyond the limit that is known as "Greater London." A heath, perhaps, for it is heath rather than moor, and suggests a home county rather than Yorkshire or Wales: Surrey is probably the scene of it. An "Edge of the Forest": Surrey too, most probably, or is he this time as far a-field as Hants? a road, a group of trees, such trees as bow in westerly winds over the modest uplands of Redhill or Hendon. The feeling of that uneventful country, with something of its accidents of weather, with the passage over it of shower and gust—that Mr. Hall skilfully and freely conveys. And when by chance he addresses himself to something seen in more remote wandering in excursions to Coniston, or to the little land on whose "bravery" it was so often Mr. Gladstone's pleasure to insist, the result, so far as I know, is not the exhibition of any new phase of his talent. Mr. Cameron's important landscape, in which I note an effort more sustained and independent than any he has hitherto made, is a view of Haarlem and its outskirts. You stand away from the town, a great windmill is to your left; the middle distance, and the distance also, is filled, plane beyond plane, by house and tower. Not the

scene only—something, at least, in its sentiment—recalls now the art of Ruysdael in its least romantic mood, and now the art of De Koninck. Those sympathetic painters of the Dutch country have dropped, it seems, a hint to Mr. Cameron as to its appropriate treatment. M. Helleu—the third artist of whom, to some extent to the exclusion of more familiar exhibitors, I wish, on this occasion, to speak in a certain detail—is, as he is, perhaps, best known to be in France, an eminent artist in pastels. He is likewise the master of the dry-point sketch. The two mediums, properly understood, have a good deal in common: the spontaneity, the impulse, the effect gained at once, or lost beyond retrieving. Mr. Helleu's art deals in the main with the liveliest and most graceful of his own contemporaries—his vivacious fellow townswomen: not "Montmartre de Montmartre" indeed, but "Parisienne de Paris." Now one of them, seen from behind, is examining those drawings of Watteau, "aux trois crayons," which if among the minor are certainly among the most real delights of the Louvre. Now another of them "se chauffe" before the open fire—"se chauffe," be it understood, not quite *à la Besnard*. Now, again, in the print which is artistically the most audacious, we have nothing in the picture but a cup and a raised hand, in bed, that holds it, and, above the cup, the wave or toss of lightly-lying hair. "Femme à la Tasse," he calls it, and one puts it, in one's mind, by the side of last year's most exquisite plate, "Profile de Jeune Fille." Original and modern, in a high degree, is this bold yet dainty observer—none the less modern because it is but of few things that his art achieves, or even attempts, a full and perfect expression. We must allow him his deficiencies; his qualities we must be grateful for.

No transition could be more sudden than that one makes in passing from this art of M. Helleu's—light, dexterous, brilliant, essentially and charmingly French—to that art of Mr. Legros's and of two other men who owe him much, though they have much of their own to place beside that which in their work reminds us of him: I speak, of course, of Mr. William Strang and Mr. Charles Holroyd. Mr. Legros goes upon his old and honoured way. Both of the younger men deal vigorously, yet not always luminously, with allegory. Their best work lies, I think, outside its bounds. Mr. Strang has at least a couple of dignified portraits of men—one of which, that of Mr. Reginald Blomfield, is in the spirit of Van Dyke. But a child's portrait—wholly original, so far as I am able to discern—the portrait of Ian Strang, seated, dressed in a blouse or smock, is yet more engaging, and is indeed of sterling excellence. The dignity of Mr. Holroyd's art finds natural expression in "The Monk at the Organ," nor, of course, is the dignity necessarily less in that "Landscape with Diana," which is touched with classic charm.

I would that time and space suffered me to do justice to the works of the many other very interesting etchers whose names are in the catalogue, and whose prints are on the wall—from the veteran *chef d'école* whose final "Fragment," wrought a dozen years ago, is now exhibited in the gallery over which he presides, to the youngest recruit whom the fascinating art of etching has known how to press into its service. And, between these two, how many worthy artists—Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Watson, Mr. Frank Short, Mr. East, Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Holmes May, and others, of whose achievements nothing can at the present moment be said.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## ROMAN BRITAIN.

Christ Church, Oxford: March 17, 1894.

I ask a little space in which to protest against the treatment of Roman Britain in Dr. Traill's *Social England*. Six contributors have there described the various aspects of "England before the English": all have naturally said much about the four centuries of Roman rule, and the result is most surprising and unsatisfactory. The pages due to Mr. F. T. Richards, of course, contain competent work, even if they hardly reach the best level of this able scholar: the rest is a melancholy spectacle.

Of errors in fact, the following may serve as miscellaneous specimens. Richard of Cirencester's provinces, cities, roads, even his views on Druidism are adopted as historical truth, though every scholar knows they are forged. The date of the Roman invasion is given in four places: in three it is given wrongly. We are told that Bokerley and Wansdyke were Belgic works, that Pliny wrote before A.D. 43, that Camulodunum became a colony after A.D. 61, that the "Histories" of Tacitus are an authority on Roman Britain, that Jupiter Dolichemus (*sic*) was a Gallic god, and so forth. The occurrence of Christian symbols on Roman imperial coins is adduced to prove that Britain was Christian; the occurrence of two *devotiones* and various objects lettered *utere felix*, to prove that the land was above other lands addicted to magic; and both arguments illustrate a familiar and elementary misuse of evidence. This inadequacy in the matter of details seems to me to be matched by equal inadequacy in general statements. Trades and industries are wrongly inserted or omitted, religious worship is misnamed and misappreciated, and that most important aspect of Britain, its military organisation, is misdescribed out of all recognition.

Dr. Traill, I suppose, aims at supplying scholarly summaries of the best results connected with his subject; and it is very probable that, in most parts of the book, his contributors have come reasonably near this aim. The part to which I have been alluding is a striking exception, against which it seems fair to put forward a protest and a warning.

F. HAVERFIELD.

## NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

It is announced that the trustees of the British Museum have obtained the consent of the Treasury to the purchase, from the Duke of Bedford, of about five-and-a-half acres of ground, immediately adjoining the present buildings. The ground is now occupied by houses, of which all the leases will shortly expire. In the result, the trustees will have at their disposal, for future extensions, the entire area extending over nearly fourteen acres, from Russell-square on the east to Bedford-square on the west, and from Montagu-place on the north to Great Russell-street on the south. The price agreed upon is £20,000.

The chairman of the Palestine Exploration Fund has received a letter from the Foreign Office informing him that a Firman has been granted by the Sultan for permission to excavate in Jerusalem for two years on the usual conditions. The committee will, therefore, be able to resume the excavations which proved so successful under Sir Charles Warren in the years 1867-1870. The task of superintendence has been entrusted to Mr. Frederick Jones Bliss, who is already at Jerusalem, and will commence work without delay.

The Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, of which Prof. H. Herkomer is president, will open next week its spring exhibition. The special feature on this occasion is a loan collec-

tion of pictures and drawings by Frederick Walker and Mr. J. W. North.

THE fourteenth Easter exhibition of pictures at St. Jude's, Whitechapel, under the auspices of Canon Barnett, was formally opened by Prof. Herkomer on Tuesday of this week. Lord Dudley has sent his Murillo series, "The Prodigal Son"; the Sheffield Corporation their collection of Petties, recently on view at Burlington House; and Mr. H. Keene a number of drawings by the late Charles Keene. Sir J. E. Millais is represented by his early Pre-Raphaelite work, "The Carpenter's Shop"; and Mr. G. F. Watts by "Sic Transit." There are also works by Madox Brown, D. G. Rossetti, Mr. Holman Hunt, and Sir E. Burne-Jones. The exhibition, which is entirely free, will remain open until April 8.

AMONG the arrangements at the Royal Institution after Easter, we may mention a course of two lectures on "The Etching Revival," by Mr. F. Seymour Haden; and a course of three lectures on "Egyptian Decorative Art," by Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie.

The last number of the *American Journal of Archaeology* for 1893 (Kegan Paul) is devoted to a single article, entitled, "A History of the Akropolis of Athens," by Mr. Walter Miller, which was originally read before the archaeological seminary of Leipzig University, under Prof. Overbeck. Most justifiably, special attention has been given to the condition and development of the Akropolis before the Persian invasion, as revealed by recent excavations, and to its history after the Peloponnesian War. We are surprised to find that there is no agreement as to the date of the Tower of the Franks, now destroyed. Hertzberg ascribes it to the Burgundian or French Dukes (1205-1311), our author to the Florentine Dukes of the Acciaiuoli family (end of the fourteenth century), while Bohm thinks that it was built by the Turks. The paper is illustrated with four plates.

## MUSIC.

### BACH'S "MATTHEW PASSION."

THE performance of this great work by the Bach Society at the Queen's Hall last Thursday week was one of considerable interest. It was sung, we believe, for the first time by that society, and in the original German. The trying part of the Evangelist was interpreted by Mr. Robert Kaufmann, who came expressly from Germany. He sang in an artistic manner, although the quality of tone of the voice seemed rather dry. In forming an opinion of him, however, the very high music, the difference of pitch, and an appearance in a new hall must certainly be taken into consideration. The choir was scarcely at its best; and the vocalists, Miss Fillunger, Miss Brema, and Messrs. Salmon and Bispham, also failed to do themselves full justice. Dr. Joachim, an enthusiastic admirer of Bach, played the violin *obligato*, and Miss Dolmetch the part for viola da gamba. In spite, however, of shortcomings, one could not but feel the solemn dignity of the music. And one could not help wondering why, after all, it did not seem to create a deeper impression. The hall was crowded, but there were many empty seats before the close. True, the performance lasted from eight o'clock to midnight; but operas could be named of equal, or even greater, length, which do not thus decimate the audience. But an opera, say "Faust," or "Die Meistersinger," is given—making certain allowances for imperfections in the rendering—as intended by the composer. Not so, however, the mighty Matthew Passion. An attempt is made to give it with eighteenth century orchestration, but it is not a successful

one. The public, accustomed to the rich, sonorous orchestra of Beethoven and Wagner, grows weary of the quaint and often queer effects. If the world were a palace of truth, many persons would be content to speak highly of the old master, yet carefully avoid listening to his works. When will an end be put to a wretched farce? Bach's orchestration is *not* given, but only a caricature of it. It is no fault of Dr. Stanford's that the Passion was not performed according to Bach's intentions. There are many reasons, which it is impossible now to discuss, why Bach's combinations and colouring cannot be reproduced. No one has ventured to deny this, although so many seem to take a pleasure in disguising the fact. The old has partly disappeared, and something has to be put into its place. That something was attempted by Robert Franz. Why is his "Bearbeitung" of the Matthew Passion never given? Has the discussion respecting the relative merits of Mozart's and Franz's "additional" accompaniments, as they are foolishly called, to the "Messiah" thrown the name of the latter into discredit? The case here is not a parallel one. It is open to any one to say he prefers Mozart's version of the "Messiah" to that of Franz. But, as far as we are aware, Franz is the only man who has prepared a score of the Passion. And, as he himself said to the writer of these lines in reference to this very Matthew Passion a few months before his death: "I have tried to reproduce Bach's ideas and developments. I have evolved my score from Bach. I have merely tried to express in full what is only hinted at in the master's score." Why, then, should not a hearing be accorded to Franz's version? The public could then listen to the grand music under more favourable conditions, and critics could discuss how far Franz's written accompaniments were in the spirit of Bach's unwritten, or obsolete, parts. Or else let someone try to improve on Franz.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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